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# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Weekly Companion of the Best-loved Magazine in the World*

Number 224

Week Ending  
JUNE 30, 1923

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere  
One-Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

## A RACE OF UNKNOWN MEN

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### CATCHING A GREAT PYTHON

#### EXPLORER'S EXCITING DAY

##### Queer Sight in a Forest in Sumatra

#### SURPRISE BAG FOR A HUNTER

An amazing adventure has befallen a hunter in Sumatra, where he caught a twenty-foot python in a net suspended from the branch of a tree in a forest.

The traveller was Mr. Charles Mayer, and he had gone to Sumatra in search of leopards. These he wanted to capture alive, and in order to do so devised a novel trap that greatly amazed his native assistants. It was a strong net made of rattan, large enough to hold a leopard. At one end was an opening three feet wide to allow of the entrance of the animal. The idea was to bait this net and hang it in a tree where a leopard would be likely to be attracted by the bait. A suitable tree was found with two strong branches, one above the other.

#### Leopard Trap in a Tree

A man was sent up, says Mr. Mayer in telling the story of his adventure, to saw half through the lower branch, and the net was so placed along it that this gash came at about the middle of its length. The body and mouth of the net were held open by slender strips of rattan tied to twigs, and for bait several fowls were placed inside.

Several other similar nets were arranged in other trees and baited, and the boughs above, in all cases, were well smeared with bird-lime. It now being evening, with everything in position, the hunter and his native assistants withdrew for the night and waited for what the morning might bring.

About eight o'clock they set out to examine their novel traps, but there was disappointment, for the first two were empty. Evidently the leopards had fought shy of them.

#### Big Snake Caught in a Net

The men proceeded toward the third bag, and there a great surprise awaited them. Here is Mr. Mayer's account of what happened, told in the American magazine "Asia":

As we neared the third net Abdul Rahman was well in the lead. He caught sight of it in the distance, stopped dead, and threw out his hands, palms back, as if to warn us. He continued to stand there without a word, without moving. I ran to him. He turned and stared at me with a queer, dazed look. This man bred on the edge of the jungle had seen a strange sight.

For a moment I did not understand. I could make out the bag clearly. It hung down limp from the upper branch and was distended. Obviously an animal was in it. Then something happened that was stranger than anything I had ever seen in my life.

The bag swung slowly to the right, then to the left, and lifted itself straight into the air. When it had stopped there for a moment, needing no support from above or below,

### The Best Friend Summer Has



The best friend summer has is the Sun, and the fact that the sunshine has been a long time coming has made its advent all the more welcome. This happy little visitor to the sea is sharing the delight of all of us as she greets the Sun as he peeps down at her through a break in the fleecy clouds

it waved about with a sickening motion, then slowly lowered itself and hung limp.

The men crowded up to see. I could hear their heavy breathing. "Ghost! Yes, ghost!" I heard them say. The air was thick with superstitious awe.

Mr. Mayer ran forward, but the spotted sunlight confused him, and it was not till he was almost under the net that he saw what had happened. A giant python, which proved to weigh nearly two hundredweights and measured twenty feet, was half in the bag and half out. He had shot into it for the fowls, had swallowed one, and then the branch had broken; and when he was half in the net the draw-rope had tightened.

It was a fine prize, but dangerous, for there is great power in a python's tail. However, Mr. Mayer sent a native into the upper part of the tree with a rope in which a slip-knot had been tied, and this was let down over the creature's tail and drawn tight. Then, slowly, the python's tail was unwound from the branch round which it was coiled, and was held tight and free from danger while

the net-bag was lowered to the ground. The snake had managed to push his head through the mesh, and so it was necessary to push the head back into the bag. This was done by pressing a folded cloth against it. Then, when the head was safe, the hind part of the creature was wrapped round and round the bag and secured in position by a rope.

The python was carried to the compound and there a crate of branches tied with rattan cane was made to receive it. The reptile was let down into the crate, and when all was secure it was with great difficulty freed from the net and ropes that had held it. As the natives put their hands through the bars to cut away the network the serpent hissed, but otherwise showed no sign that it resented the interference. Eventually it was despatched to the Perth Zoological Gardens, Western Australia.

The natives were very anxious for Mr. Mayer to tell them the secret by which he had been able to charm the great snake into his net, for to them the thing was a wonder unbelievable.

### BOY AND HIS AEROPLANE

#### AN ILL WIND THAT BLEW SOMEBODY GOOD

##### The Plane that Came Down in the Nick of Time

#### A NEW MACHINE AND 100 DOLLARS IN HAND

A Californian boy has had a unique experience. He has had a lucky aeroplane smash that put a hundred dollars into his pocket and gave him also a new aeroplane.

He was aeroplane-mad. Nothing would please him but having a machine of his own. So he saved his money diligently, and bought with his hard-earned savings a surplus Government machine for nine hundred dollars.

San Diego was where he bought it, and he boldly flew it home. For two weeks he knew the joys of flight, and then his dream of happiness ended.

Just as he had "taken off" for another joyful start, and was a hundred feet up in the air, the engine struck work, and down he came into the abandoned clay pit of an old brickyard.

Out of the ruins of the machine he crept without any serious personal breakages. But the machine! Never did anything look more crumpled up!

#### Surprise for the Flying Boy

But just as he emerged from the wreck, a motor-car stopped on the high road beside the brickyard, and a man stepped out and swiftly approached him, saying, "Is that your aeroplane?"

"It was," said the disconsolate youth.

"That's all right," said the motorist.

"I'm the manager of a film company, and a wrecked aeroplane is just what we need for filming. Your plane came down in the nick of time. I saw the crash, and thought your machine might be of use to me."

The spirits of the airman revived, and he proceeded to strike a bargain for a thousand dollars for rent of the wrecked machine so long as the company needed to use it for filming.

The film was made, the thousand dollars paid, and the elated airman put a hundred dollars in his pocket. With the other 900 he proceeded promptly to San Diego and bought another surplus Government machine with which to carry on his experiments in flying. It was a lucky thing that he came down where he did, but the boy is made of the right stuff, and will no doubt be heard of again.

#### WATER HARDER THAN STEEL

We hear from Fully, Switzerland, of thin jets of water at the turbine station there which are forced out under such high pressure that a strong man would be unable to drive a crowbar through them.

With the customary pressure of two tons to the square inch behind them, these jets are actually harder than steel.



## THE MOST ENERGETIC THING WE KNOW

### WHAT HAPPENS IN AN ATOM

#### The Speck that Flies Through Space and Makes Helium

#### BROKEN ATOMS THAT GROW INTO NEW ONES

The most violent and energetic small thing known to science is what is called the Alpha particle, which is shot forth by uranium, radium, and other radio-active atoms.

It is smaller than an electron, so tiny that it can pass in millions through a thin glass plate and leave no trace of its passage, and, though it cannot compete with an electron in speed, it scorches along at ten thousand miles a second. But it is very much denser than an electron, and so has more energy and strikes harder. Relatively to its weight, it has 400 million times the energy of a rifle bullet.

#### The Amazing Atoms

For years the physicists have been investigating these most amazing little bullets, and Sir Ernest Rutherford has just been giving the Royal Institution an account of some of the discoveries he and his fellow workers have made.

It might be thought that particles so small, flying so rapidly, would be beyond the reach of observation; but Professor Rutherford explained that their flight could be actually photographed, for as they pass through the air they ionise the air molecules; that is to say, they charge the air molecules with electricity, and the ionised molecules condense water drops, which reflect the light. The professor explained, also, how the little particles could be deflected from their course by a magnet, and made to record their course by sparks on a specially prepared screen.

#### Electrons Lost and Captured

A careful examination of the deflection of the particles showed that some of them were deflected only half as much as others, and this observation led to the remarkable discovery that the particles lost and captured electrons as they passed through gaseous or solid matter. Sometimes they had two extra electrons, sometimes one, and sometimes none.

Now, an Alpha particle with two electrons revolving round it is nothing more nor less than a helium atom, so that some of these flying fragments of broken atoms grow into new, perfect atoms as they fly along. The electrons which the particle captures are probably torn from some of the atoms through which it rushes, though exactly how the capture is effected Sir Ernest Rutherford did not profess to know.

Once the atom is formed and comes to rest it remains an atom for millions of years; and probably most of the helium now in the world has been formed in this way.

#### Minerals Containing Helium Gas

Minerals which contain radio-active elements also contain large quantities of helium gas formed in this way from the flying fragments of the exploded atoms; and the lecturer said that a piece of mineral lying on his desk contained over twenty litres of helium, or over 35 pints, some of it no doubt formed more than a million years ago. On crushing and heating such minerals, the gas escapes.

Nowadays great quantities of helium gas are being collected for use in balloons and airships, and it is strange to think that this quiet, inactive, harmless gas had such a wild and stormy birth. Even stranger, perhaps, is it to think that today it is being made like a tiny solar system, a sun with two planets, and that we can actually watch its creation, though its atoms are far beyond the limits of human sight.

## HUSHING UP A DISASTER

### How the Military Mind Works

#### STORY BEHIND A FRENCH MONUMENT

The insolent way in which the military mind rules mankind when it is unchecked has been shown with appalling clearness in a catastrophe which has only just been made public, though it happened during the war.

On December 12, 1917, a leave train going home from Italy with 500 French soldiers reached the sharp decline at St. Michel de Marrienne, near Modane, on the frontier between France and Italy. The engine-driver protested that the train was too heavy to take the gradient; but he was told to obey orders, and go on. He went on, and the train, mastering the engine, swept off the line at a curve, and the carriages became a burning mass, in which 350 soldiers perished.

Not only were these men hurried to destruction by senseless orders, but the military mind which was weak enough for such a tragic folly was strong enough to hush up the whole story, and France has only just heard what happened. All mention of the tragedy was suppressed, but now a monument is to be erected to the memory of the men who were slain by reckless folly.

But what can the world think of rule by the type of mind that can do this horrible wrong and then cover it up under six years of silence? It seems to us that at least the name of the militarist should be put on the monument.

#### MAURICE HEWLETT

##### The World Loses a Poet

The death of Mr. Maurice Hewlett leaves our country the poorer by the absence of a man who lived equally in the past, with romantic things that charm our fancy, and in the present, in closest touch with human life of a kind that some think of as low in the social scale. He was a man with fine breadth as well as charm.

No one reading the novels he wrote with a far-backward look, such as *The Forest Lovers*, would think of the writer as a man working in a Government office, but that was what he was doing when he wrote that charming tale. But then his work in the office included rummaging in old manuscripts that smelt of the past and woke up fancy.

Also, reading his books on Italy and on Norse romance, one would not think of the writer as a man who knew the English villager to his inmost heart. But he did.

A true poet, a bright romancer, an expert in country life, an earnest reformer, a bright companion, Maurice Hewlett will be sorely missed by all who knew him in any of his many activities.

#### CANADA'S PILE OF LOGS

##### The Raid on the Forests

The people of the United States and Canada now use enough forest materials in a year to make a pile of logs four feet high and 360,000 miles long, or enough to reach nearly 15 times round the world.

No wonder that forest depletion is giving serious concern to the authorities. Legitimate consumption cannot well be checked, but in Canada it is estimated that for every tree cut down by the bushman's axe nine are destroyed by fire.

Canada is therefore taking drastic steps to prevent fires during the coming season. In the Province of Quebec nobody is to be allowed to enter forest reserves without a permit from the fire ranger, and in other provinces patrols by land, water, and air are being increased. Huge sums are being spent to educate the public in the handling of camp fires. Not long ago one camp fire in Ontario was the means of destroying fifty years' timber supply of a huge lumber mill.

## CAN WIRELESS TURN A CORNER?

### Curious Experiment with the Waves

#### A MOSCOW DISCOVERY

By a Scientific Expert

We are constantly reading of the discoveries that are being made about the way in which Nature puts together the atoms in making the crystals of which practically everything is composed.

It has been discovered within the last few years that these atoms are arranged in layers, or planes, and that each plane acts as a tiny mirror which reflects a beam of X-rays out of its course.

The different degrees to which the X-rays are reflected enable the scientist to calculate how far apart these planes of the crystals are, and so to draw a plan or make a model, hundreds of millions of times enlarged, of the actual crystal structure.

But now we read of further experiments made on somewhat similar lines with wireless waves by Professor Kapzov, of the University of Moscow.

Wireless waves are similar in character to X-rays, except that they are hundreds of thousands of times longer in wave-length; so Professor Kapzov has built enormous "crystals" by hanging up numbers of copper cylinders at regular intervals, and using many such parallel planes of these cylinders so arranged. The cylinders represent the atoms, and the whole arrangement has been found to reflect wireless waves exactly as the atoms in crystals reflect X-rays.

Here, then, is a new field opened up for wireless progress; and it may be possible later, on these lines, to send wireless waves just where we want them, or even round the corner.

#### THE BALKANS

##### Bulgarian Revolution Crisis

By Our Political Correspondent

The Bulgarian Revolution did not end without the bloodshed which seems inevitable in the Balkan States when sudden political changes occur.



Stambulski

Stambulski, the deposed peasant premier, was shot while he was attempting to escape from troops sent to arrest him. That was the account given out to the world, but it must be remembered that in countries like Bulgaria news is just what the people in power like to make it, and it takes a long time for the plain truth to be discovered. There is little doubt that his enemies would wish to have Stambulski out of the way, for he was the most powerful national leader in the country.

The revolution was planned by the officers of the army, and carried out by the troops, and government by the Peasant Party is at an end for the time being. The aims of the new Government have not yet been made known with certainty; and all the surrounding Balkan nations regard Bulgaria with suspicion until they understand what the change will mean. Stambulski had done his best to keep Bulgaria at peace with her neighbours and to win back the confidence of the world after her treacherous conduct under King Ferdinand; and he had succeeded. It was Ferdinand's use of the army that blackened the name of Bulgaria, and the army is again in power. The world cannot at present guess what this revolution will bring to the Balkan States, which for generations have been the centre of Europe's unrest.

## PRIME MINISTER ON THE PRIME MINISTER

### Mr. Baldwin's Family Talk

#### A BRAVE MAN STRUGGLING WITH ADVERSITY

We cannot refrain from sending on this fragment from a speech by the Prime Minister, made at a dinner given to him by the journalists of the Press Gallery at Westminster.

It is interesting to know how it feels to leap in a day or two into such fame that even your old nurse is interviewed for "revelations."

This is a family gathering. Nothing else would bring us all back here on a Friday night. I can assure you that for a modest man to be suddenly thrust into the limelight is an ordeal enough to try the stoutest nerves.

Some men like limelight and some do not. I feel very much like a small insect under a microscope. Everything I do or think or say is laid bare. My old nurse has been interviewed, and other people as well. I am glad to say that their revelations have not been such as to place my career in reproach.

#### The Unkindest Cut of All

I would like to say a word in praise of the imagination of those who sign their articles as by "An Old Friend of the Prime Minister," or by people who were at school with me whom I never had the pleasure of knowing. They attribute to me proficiency in arts which I never learned and ignorance of matters of which I have some knowledge.

The unkindest cut of all was that of a writer who said he heard one of my schoolmasters tell me that I had no brains. Now, that is not true. I do not in the least mind being classed as not having a first-class brain. That I am proud of. I have a hereditary dislike to the description of intellectuality.

#### Give Him a Chance

There is one thing that has struck me very much at this time, and that is the extraordinary kindness of the Press to me on my appointment. I know my own faults better than anybody else knows them. Criticism which is too severe leaves me quite cold. I know that the kindness of the reception accorded to me is not a tribute to my personal qualities so much as an expression of the kindly feeling which prevails in this country toward any man taking on a big job, provided that he is an ordinary, decent kind of fellow. Their attitude is: "Give him a good chance and God speed him."

That I do appreciate most highly. I can tell you most frankly that this attitude has been a great help and support to me in the work I have undertaken. It is a great help in the task which lies before us of making the will of this country prevail in the settlement of the problems of the world. Please regard me (he concluded in an appeal to his friends of the Press Gallery) as a brave man struggling with adversity.

#### THE VIKING BREED

##### A Jutland Farmer's Heroism

A Danish correspondent sends us a report from a Danish newspaper which, he says, proves that "the old Viking breed is not yet extinguished."

Christian Christianson, a Jutland farmer, had his arm torn off while he was busy with his wind-motor. Then he walked alone down to the farmyard and told one of his men to go and fetch his arm in the wind-motor.

Entering the house he quietly sat down and ate his dinner, which he finished as the motor-car from the hospital at Aalborg, which had been telephoned for, arrived to carry him to the hospital.

This, surely, is a record for self-control and endurance of pain.



## THE MAN WHO LOVED HIS CHURCH

### QUEER WORKING OF AN OLD PRIEST'S MIND

Story of a Statue that Disappeared in France

#### HOW £100 WAS FOUND

The workings of the ecclesiastical mind when it has to carry on far apart from the ways of practical men are sometimes curious, and an odd example of it has just occurred in central France.

There, in a very ancient village church, was a much valued statue of the Virgin and Child, reputed to be 800 years old. But the church needed restoration and adornment, and if it could secure those attractions there was a hope that the French Government would take charge of it, and continue its preservation as a valuable ancient monument.

This became an absorbing ambition to the simple village priest, and he spent anxious thought as to how he could get the money to put the church in such a state that it would be accepted as a public monument.

Then a thought struck him which he believed to be a bright one. The statue in the church would surely sell for a considerable sum, perhaps for £100. Why not sell it, if he could; tell nobody; get an imitation cheaply to take its place, nobody knowing the difference; and then use the balance of the money, perhaps nearly the whole £100, to restore the church, and carry out his scheme of making it a national church preserved by the Government?

#### The Two Statues

It was no sooner thought of than done. The statue was secretly sold, and fetched £100. The imitation statue was procured, and was put up as the old statue "restored." And so the scheme went happily along until somebody, sharper than the rest, detected the difference between the ancient statue and its faked imitation.

A hunt began for the displaced statue, and then the old priest came forward and tremulously confessed the method of his cherished scheme for the benefit of his beloved church, dearer to him than the ancient statue it had sheltered so long. The old man's cunning unworldliness was foolish, no doubt, perhaps almost wicked, but we hope somebody will find the money to restore the church that led him astray, so that both church and statue may be preserved.

## A MAN WHO SAW A METEORITE FALL

### New Curiosity for British Museum

The British Museum has just received a very interesting gift in the form of a meteorite which fell not long ago near Saffron Walden, in Essex.

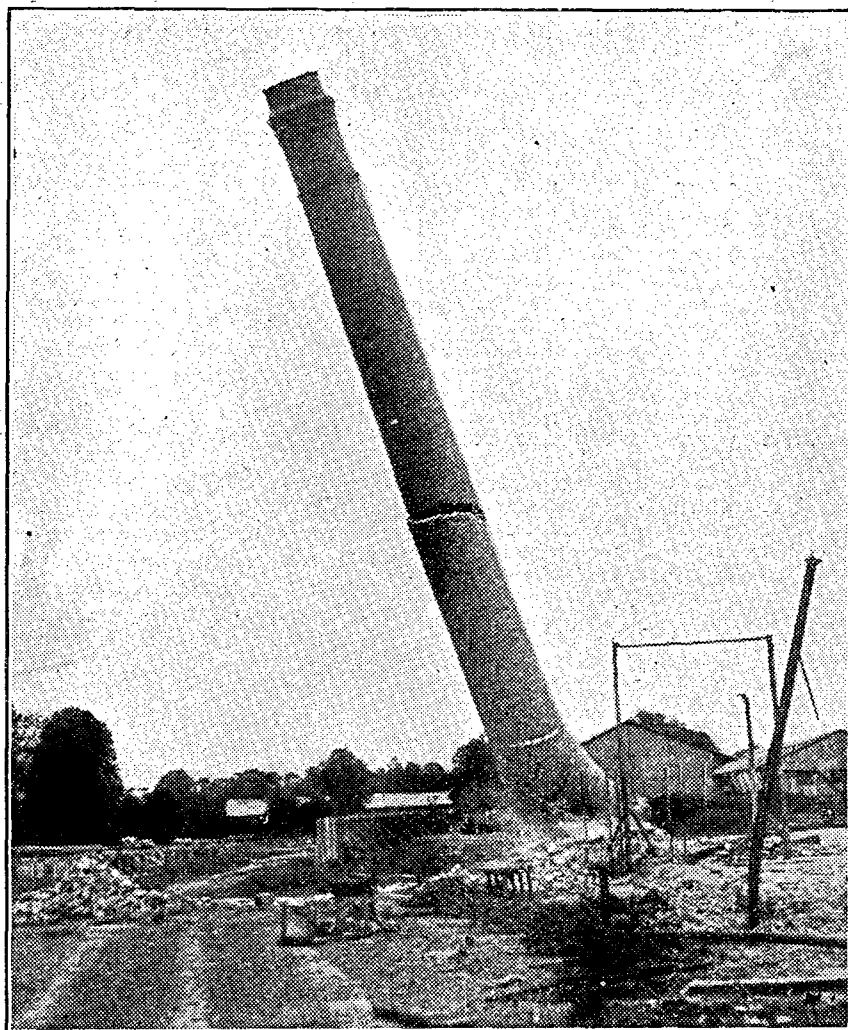
About one o'clock in the afternoon a labourer was in a field at Ashdon when he heard a hissing sound, which he took to be the noise of an aeroplane. Looking up, he was astonished to see, not an aeroplane, but a projectile rushing to the earth. It struck the ground about fifteen yards away from him, throwing up the soil all round like water.

The man was so much alarmed that he hurried away, but a day or two later he returned to the spot with another man and dug out a meteorite, which was found at a depth of two feet.

The meteorite weighs about three pounds, and is five inches long and four inches wide, with a thickness of three inches. The stone is composed of various minerals and has in it many small particles of iron.

It is an extremely rare occurrence for anyone to see a meteorite actually fall to earth, only fifteen such instances being recorded in the British Isles.

## A GIANT CRASHES TO EARTH



The great chimney crashes to the earth, breaking as it falls



Making holes for the fuses, and removing part of the base



Placing the fuses in position to be fired by electricity

These pictures show clearly how a great factory chimney is felled by modern methods. Part of the base is removed to insure the chimney falling in the right direction, and the structure is brought down by the explosion of fuses fired by electricity. This chimney was 130 feet high, and stood at Hayes, in Middlesex

## 4000-YEAR-OLD BUSINESS

### IS IT DOOMED AT LAST?

The Wonderful Work of the Silkworm Threatened

#### A TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE

A well-known technical journal is asking whether the silkworm's business is in danger. In other words, the question is being seriously discussed whether the world will go on producing silk from the silkworm, as it has been doing for 4000 years or more, or whether the industry will die out.

Twelve years ago the silkworm reigned supreme. Many chemists had tried to imitate its beautiful product, but had failed. Today eighty million pounds of artificial silk are produced a year, one-third of the silk used in the world.

The first attempts to make silk from chemicals make romantic reading now. Fifty years ago Count Chardonnet began to study the silkworm and to make chemical analyses of its silk. Chardonnet came to the conclusion that, as the silkworm had only mulberry leaves to feed on and as leaves are composed chiefly of cellulose, it must be possible to make silk from cellulose, or, in other words, from wood pulp.

#### The First Artificial Silk

After many experiments he succeeded, in 1884, in making silk fibre from the pulp he obtained by grinding up the trunk and branches of the mulberry tree, and in 1891 he began to make artificial silk in a little town in the north-east of France.

In his process the first steps are the same as in the manufacture of smokeless powder, but great developments and improvements have taken place, and now the process by which the bulk of the world's artificial silk is made is one discovered in 1903 by an Englishman named Stearn. By this means fine, pliable threads, unbroken in length for thousands of yards, can be produced, which rival natural silk in softness, lustre, and touch.

The silk can be made in the finest threads or in quite coarse ones. They can be made in unbroken lengths of thousands of yards, rough and dull in appearance, or smooth and lustrous.

#### A Rival to Real Silk

It is probable that artificial silk will never quite equal the exquisite product of the silkworm, but for some purposes it is actually better. Real silk will gradually become rarer while the quantities of artificial silk used will jump upwards by leaps and bounds.

Those who know the difficulties that have lain in the path of the inventors of this product admit that the manufacture of artificial silk is one of the really great victories of modern science.

It is all a wonderful triumph for English science, and the silk produced is, if anything, even more lustrous than the natural material. It would be a pity, however, if such an ancient and romantic industry as silkworm-rearing were to die out of the world's life.

## THE ROLLING SHIP

### Is It to Disappear at Last?

Some time ago the C.N. gave an account of a huge gyroscopic stabiliser invented in America to prevent ships rolling at sea, and so abolish sea-sickness. Good has come of the idea, for the British Navy is now to try it on this side of the Atlantic.

The first gyroscopic stabiliser built in England has just been completed at Manchester by the Vickers Company. It is to be fitted in a British naval vessel with a view to a thorough series of tests.

The ships that have tried it in America give the gyroscope a very good character, and it is said that it keeps a ship so steady that passengers can scarcely feel any rolling.



## MYSTERY ISLAND THE GIANT STATUES OF THE PACIFIC

Neighbouring Island that may  
Throw Light on Them

### NATIVE TALES OF A LOST PEOPLE

Readers of the C.N. have been kept informed of the romantic expedition of Mr. and Mrs. Scoresby Routledge to Easter Island, where they sought in vain to fathom the mystery of the gigantic statues in that home of unwritten history. The two explorers have extended their range, and have something new, and not less puzzling, to add.

The theory today is that for such colossal carvings to have come into being on this island, an advanced civilisation must have existed at some time; that great numbers of people were available for the work, and that something terrible happened to destroy them.

#### Is there a Lost Continent?

Perhaps the island formed part of a land which has sunk beneath the sea in some submarine convulsion, leaving as islands what were once mountain peaks. Such a thing is possible, of course. It has happened to our own land. Our country is a series of islands today, a little mountain range whose feet are in the sea; once we formed the western coastline of Europe. Some such thing may have happened in past ages to what is now Easter Island, and in the calamity, it may be, down went the builders and their art and all the evidence, save these colossal carvings, of their culture.

Now our explorers have gone on to the Gambier Islands, west of Easter Island, which is about 2000 miles from the coast of Chile. Here they heard from the natives tales of a migration to the east, which would mean the colonisation by modern people of Easter Island.

#### Statues on Another Island

That would match the marvellous voyage, some 500 years ago, of the Maoris from the Polynesian Islands to New Zealand. There was a New Zealand type of low organisation before the Maoris, and there must have been an Easter Island type of high organisation before the ancestors of the present natives arrived.

The tales of the migration are there, but not a word about the statues, nothing of the wonders of the little land to which these brave savages set sail. And in the Austral Islands, some 300 miles south of Tahiti, Mr. and Mrs. Routledge found other wonderful stone statues, like those of Easter Island.

The figures seem to have been carved by people reared in a totally different civilisation; they present a different type of features—an Asian cast. Were there, then, two civilisations at different dates, created by different races, in this part of the Pacific?

#### A Problem for Students

The whole thing is mysterious. We do not know who these people were, nor where they acquired their art. The most interesting history in the world has never been written.

We may never know the marvellous story of the astounding glories of Crete revealed by the excavations at Knossos; we can never know the real wonders of Babylon with its Hanging Gardens. We may never know how the Red Indians reached America, or who were the strange peoples who won the continent from the West—the people who composed the races of the Aztecs and other peoples whom the old Spanish conquerors found in possession.

There are no more new lands to discover, it is feared; but there are unmapped continents of history, with signposts reared to challenge and tantalise us, mute witnesses to a past whose story we may never read.

## THE WHITE WALLS OF ENGLAND BEACHY HEAD

Will Eastbourne Honour Herself  
by Buying it?

### A MAGICAL PIECE OF ENGLAND

There is a movement in Eastbourne for the purchase of Beachy Head, so that it may remain, undisturbed, the best attraction of that most pleasant seaside place. We feel sure that Eastbourne will pursue this idea in a practical way, and prove itself worthy of its fine position on the English coast.

Constantly the town creeps nearer to the hill which, whatever the townspeople may think of other things, is its chief asset. If they are wise in their own interests, as well as aware of what the guardianship of a national landmark, viewpoint, and fine scenic feature requires of them, they will give the hill for all time a public character.

Eastbourne is one of the richest towns in the world for its size, and one of the lowest rated towns in England. Beachy Hill is its great local perquisite, and by it Eastbourne is twice blessed. It has the incessant use of the hill, to the envy of less favoured places, and from it comes much profit.

#### A Thrilling Sight

There is no more characteristic English scene than this. The noble headland looks forth far over the channel by which the outer world approaches our lovely English home of high renown. Far up and down the inviolate coast it keeps watch from the Isle of Wight to Kent, and back over the downs of magical Sussex, where the southern roads converge on equally magical London, the world's one centre that is truly imperial.

What more thrilling sight is there than these white gates of old England that gave her her old name of Albion? And Beachy Head stands forth the grandest of her southern portals, appealing to the love of her sons and the respect of the entering stranger. Eastbourne owes a duty to our English race in preserving it.

### BREATHING OF AN APPLE Measuring the Breath of a Seed

Many are the strange things that are done by the modern scientist, but nothing is ever done without good reason.

Some interesting experiments on the breathing of the seeds of Newtown pippins have just been recorded. The actual taking in of oxygen and giving out of carbon dioxide—as our lungs do—have been measured by a respiration apparatus, and many new things have been discovered about the production of sugars and acids within the apple.

### A WALL OF WATER A Ship's Adventure

The Pacific liner Brush had an alarming experience recently when fifty miles off the coast of Mexico.

A huge wall of water, towering seventy feet high, evidently started by some submarine disturbance, came rushing toward the vessel at a tremendous rate. The ship was quickly headed toward it, and half rode over it and half plunged through it. Although there was practically no wind, the water was extremely rough for some hours afterwards.

#### KINEMA ICE

#### Things not What they Seem

Floating ice in the films is not always what it seems, particularly when the play is filmed in sunny California, the kinema headquarters of the world.

It has been discovered that melted paraffin scattered over the water photographs just the same as ice, so that the ice-floes in Movieland will be paraffin.

## LENGTH OF DAYS CAN WE LIVE TO BE 140? The Reason why it is Probably Impossible

### FABLED METHUSELAHS

Dr. Leonard Williams, the scientific lecturer, has been laying down the law on the greatest of human subjects—life, and the manner of maintaining it. In urging simplicity of living he carries the whole medical profession with him, though they themselves do not all practise it.

But he says we ought to live from 120 to 140 years, that we die unnecessarily early if we pass out before reaching that age. We were born to eat all kinds of raw fruits, roots, and herbs, and we have spoiled our chance of longevity, says our professor, by cooking our food and eating too much of it.

Now, there Dr. Williams is in conflict with the evidence. He implies that our uncivilised ancestors lived long and enjoyed good health. But the men who examine ancient skeletons and other human remains tell a different tale.

#### Toothache in the Long Ago

Ancient human beings did not attain great age; their bones reveal that. Their teeth were not better than ours; they were not so good. They were more primitive, they wore out deplorably, and today we find in old skulls evidence that the teeth were rubbed down till the pulp was exposed, and that their owners must have suffered agonies of toothache.

Mummies of the oldest Egyptians show that those far-away people suffered from diseases which are still rife. There are evidences of operation for appendicitis; teeth were extracted and bridged as they are today.

The ancients did not live so long as we do, and the savage of today stands pretty much where our painted ancestors stood of old; and they do not make old bones. But there is nothing to prove that as a race we should live to 120 or 140 years. Indeed, Nature tends to cut down the life-allowances of her children. She ripens all our faculties more completely and endows us with new mental gifts, but she removes us when we have played our part, so that the Earth may not be overcrowded.

#### The Story of a Mason

All the orders of long-lived trees, the trees which lasted thousands of years, are slowly disappearing; and growths that mature rapidly, attain vast size, produce enormous numbers of progeny and then decay, are the prevailing type. The elephant with his 150 to 200 years is the last of the long-lived mammals. A few birds, such as the eagle and the raven, may have their century, but the commoner and more successful species burn out in from ten to 25 years.

The reptiles, sluggish and unambitious, live on, but not the higher types. Man never did reach the ages ascribed to him. Old registers giving 200 years as the age of a man are all nonsense. There is a tombstone which assures us that a man lived to be 309. The mason was honest, but what he tried to write was thirty-nine and the only way he knew of setting down the figures was 30—9, but as that looked clumsy he drew his figures together.

#### Pronunciations in This Paper

|           |              |
|-----------|--------------|
| Leyden    | Li-den       |
| Samoyedes | Sam-oy-eedz  |
| San Diego | San De-ay-go |
| Sofia     | So-fe-yah    |
| Triptych  | Trip-tik     |

## SAINT SWITHIN HIS TOMB FOUND AT WINCHESTER

A Bishop and a Piece of  
Nonsense

### ORIGIN OF AN OLD LEGEND

The miserable weather associated with the early part of the present summer lends an added interest to the discovery in Winchester Cathedral of the shrine of Saint Swithin.

The fabric was destroyed by Cromwell's soldiers during the Civil War, but the site of the grave was known. Now fragments of the shrine itself have come to light in the sacred treasure-house which from this time forth commemorates Joan of Arc.

Saint Swithin was a good old man who is supposed to be in some way responsible for our weather. The legend is the wildest nonsense.

He was Bishop of Winchester over a thousand years ago, a great builder, a lover of literature, a man of supreme modesty and humble spirit. He served God, and loved his fellows, and died with the meek prayer upon his lips that his body might be laid outside the church, where the poor, whom he had served, might walk over his grave and rain from the eaves fall gently upon it.

#### A Story of Rain

His memory survived, and foolish people declared that miracles were wrought at his tomb. Humped backs were said to become straight and other disfigurements to vanish at the mention of his name.

Such a legend proved profitable to the cathedral. So in the following century, contrary to the dead man's wish, his body was removed to the interior of the church and laid beneath a gaudy shrine, of which, long afterwards, it was found that the gold and precious stones were not genuine.

Now, the legend runs that when the monks came to remove the body from its first grave into the church, on July 15, 971, the saint's anger was expressed in the form of rain, and that the rain continued for forty days and forty nights. That tale grew up, not at the time, but ages and ages after the re-burial of the bishop. There is nothing in it but folly and stupid credulity.

#### A Weather Rhyme

But people will have their superstitions. France has a similar legend of forty days' rain in connection with St. Médard, but that date is June 8. There is a like tradition connected with two other French saints for July 4, one in Flanders for July 6, and in Germany for June 27, all corresponding traditions, all foretelling 40 days' rain, but not, of course, in association with our venerable Swithin. Yet our old rhyme lingers:

St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain;  
For forty days it will remain;  
St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair;  
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair.

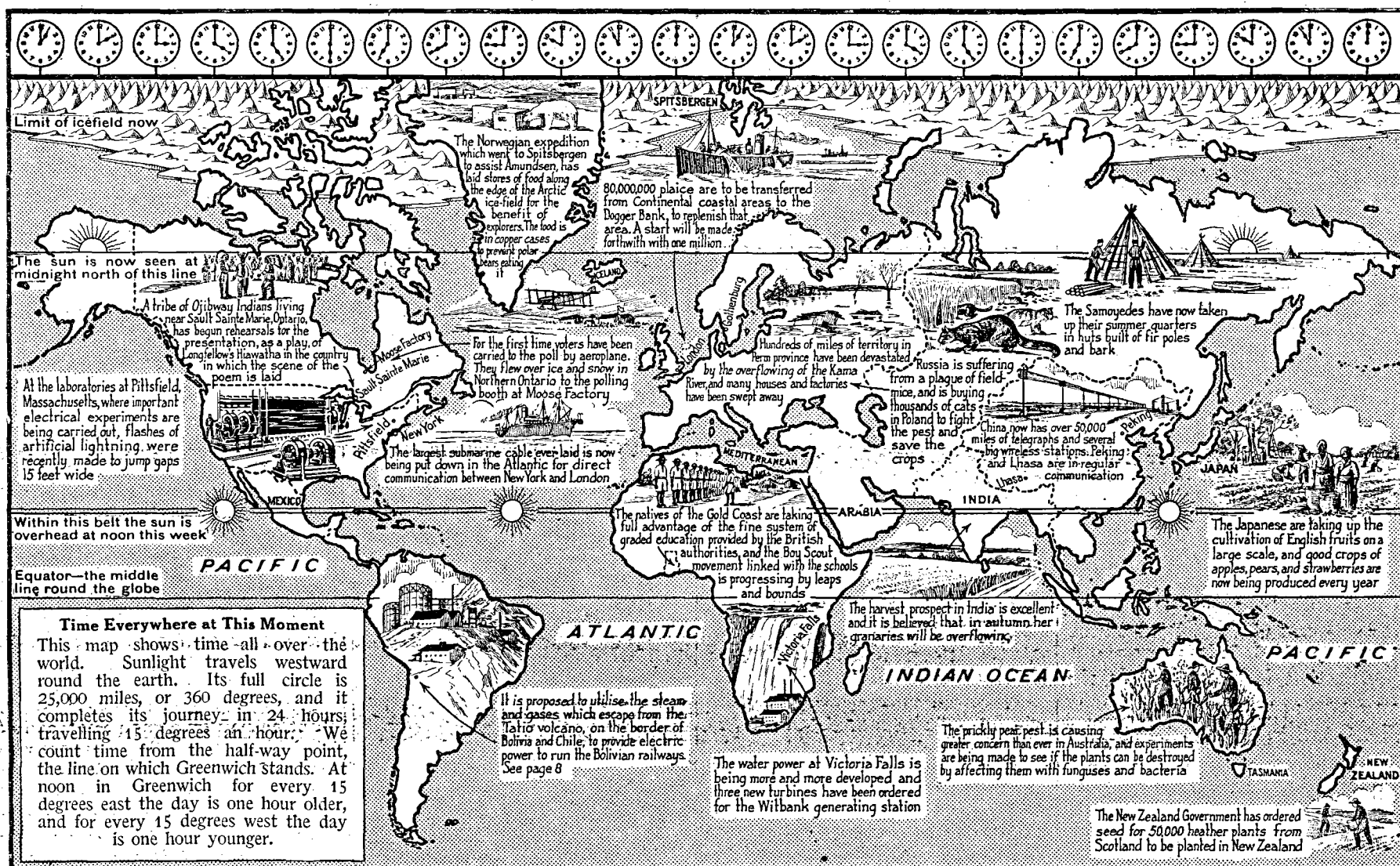
Interesting or not as this nonsense may seem to us, it is interesting that the old man's shrine is found, or, rather, the shattered remnants of it. The tomb itself is known, trodden level with the pavement, worn by myriads of feet as the worthy old bishop desired that the original should be, out in the open where the rain falls softly.

#### WEATHER FORECASTS BY TELEPHONE

The Weather Office asks us to say that a daily weather forecast may be obtained by any telephone subscriber at 5 p.m., and at any time between 5 p.m. and midnight. The forecast covers from 5 p.m. to 5 p.m. next day.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## BRIGANDS FOR THE ARMY

### The Helplessness of China

The brigands who captured a trainload of passengers in China and held them captive have completely triumphed over the Government of the country. The captives have been released; but that is entirely due to the Government of China giving the brigands what they bargained for.

What the brigands wanted was that they should be admitted into the Chinese army. Then they could rob safely without being called brigands. The Government, accordingly, has made soldiers of them.

The complete helplessness of China, the second most populous nation in the world, could not be more emphatically proved. It is a position that cannot continue long, for it puts China right outside the pale of civilisation.

But the Chinese themselves seem wholly incapable of making the changes needed to secure order in the land.

## REMARKABLE CRICKET

### First Four Batsmen Score Centuries

Middlesex made an extraordinary score in their recent game with Hampshire. They were 618 with only two wickets fallen. Only once before in first-class cricket have the first four batsmen all scored centuries, and that was when Middlesex played Sussex in 1920. Hearne and Lee scored centuries in both games.

Two cricket matches were being played side by side in Parliament Hill Fields, London, and the long fields in both games made catches at the same time. Later it was found that each had caught the ball belonging to the other game. The balls having been thus changed, the batsmen were declared by the umpires to be not out.

## DEADLOCK IN PALESTINE

### Extraordinary Result of the Zionist Movement

The deadlock in the Government of Palestine is now apparently complete.

It will be remembered that the Arabs, who are the predominant people of the country, with a huge majority if numbers are polled, have declined to take part in the election of a Legislative Council under the conditions set out in the election notices. They regard the elections as putting undue power into the hands of the Jewish minority.

As the elections were a complete failure the High Commissioner nominated eight Mohammedans, two Christians, and two Jews to form the Council with certain officials; but all except the Jews declined to serve, so the nominated Council is also a failure, and only Crown Government by officials, without public representation, is left.

Meanwhile, the High Commissioner's own British escort has been attacked, and has suffered heavy loss, and the country is in an excited condition. Behind this agitation is the determination of the Arabs that the Zionist movement, financed by wealthy Jews with the idea of making Palestine the home of the Jewish race, shall not be allowed to supplant the Arab population.

## HOSPITAL LIGHTHOUSE

### Wolverhampton's Good Idea

A good idea is being used to advertise the appeal of Wolverhampton Hospital for £150,000.

A lighthouse has been built on the roof, and every time a patient is operated upon, or has recovered from an illness or operation, the beam flashes out. It is visible for twenty miles, and thus it reminds a multitude of people of the work of mercy and the fight for life which are constantly going on.

## VILLAGES KEPT AWAKE

### The Nightingale in North Lincolnshire

This pleasant note from a fourteen-year-old boy in North Lincolnshire has filled us with delight this week.

At the village of Wootton, near Grimsby, two nightingales have been singing nightly. This is a very rare occurrence in this part of the country; inhabitants seventy years old have never heard nightingales sing here before.

At midnight motor-cars, motor-cycles, and bicycles bring people to the village, and they make their way to the park where the nightingales sing.

The surrounding villages are greatly excited, and the people are constantly asking each other, "Have you heard the nightingales sing?"

## FIRELESS ENGINES

### Something New in the Works

Among the many interesting features of the huge oil refinery of the Anglo-Perian Oil Company at Llandarcy are several locomotives which have no furnaces.

These engines run about the refinery hauling tanks of oil and motor spirit, and have been adopted in order to avoid all danger of fire.

The "fireless locomotives" are supplied with steam at very high pressure from the central boiler plant, and can take in and store sufficient steam in twenty minutes to keep them going four hours. Among the workpeople the fireless locomotives are known as thermos flasks.

## AMERICA IN THE EAST

### How its Influence Grows

Some seventeen years ago the famous Yale University of America founded a branch in Changsa-Fu, China, with thirteen students.

This college is flourishing wonderfully, and, still financed by Yale, it now boasts of over five hundred students, all of whom are taught in English.

## SHIPS TALK WITH EACH OTHER

### OTHER

### Wireless Telephone at Sea

What looks like the real beginning of wireless telephony at sea was carried out the other day between two Atlantic liners of a famous French steamship line, the France and Paris.

Each ship has been equipped with very powerful and up-to-date installations, and conversation was carried on with perfect ease when the two ships were 250 miles apart, and steaming away from each other at the rate of 20 miles an hour each.

The "call" was made by means of the ordinary wireless telegraph. Commander Roch, of the France, sent a message to the commander of the Paris that he wished to speak to him personally. The wireless telephone was at once switched on, and the two commanders had their talk.

One of the objects of the wireless telephone at sea is to provide a second means of conversation in case of emergency when the telegraph apparatus may be busily engaged in other directions. But, in addition, it is almost certain that before long all big ships will be fitted with wireless telephones, and that passengers will be able to speak to friends on other vessels from their own cabins.

## THE DICKENS OF SPAIN

### Oxford Professor's Late Fame

Señor de Arteaga y Pereira, Professor of Spanish at Oxford, who has been there for 30 years and is now 75 years old, has written some stories of humble life which are having a large sale in Spain, where he is being hailed as the Dickens of Spain. The book is published by the Oxford University Press.

Señor Pereira has surpassed William de Morgan as a story-writer who has won a position quite late in life, for he has long been absent from his country, and his books come to it for recognition as if from a foreign land.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 30 1923

## That's the Weather for Me

THERE can be no doubt that the most general subject of conversation throughout the British Isles this summer has been the weather.

For once it has decidedly, and many thought unfairly, compelled attention through May and June. It was not a side issue which people introduced when they had nothing else to talk about; but it boldly held the field as the main question, so unaccountable and wayward and tantalising was it, with its persistent cold and gloom.

In short, the weather became so queer that to many it was quite a strain, and a fine tester of temperament and character. For the weather is one of those things that are always about us, and we cannot possibly, do what we will, make the slightest alteration in it. It plays with us as if it were one of the fabled Fates, and we helpless in its presence.

But that is by no means the true position. The weather only becomes a tyranny to be growled at when we let it be our master. Somebody puts the whole philosophy of weather into a couplet:

Whatever the weather may be  
That's the weather for me.

Once let that bit of practical philosophy sink into your mind and the weather has no more power of annoyance or mastery over you. It becomes your fellow playmate. It may be that it is at times a roughish playmate, but a rough playmate is not necessarily a mistake. We ought to be able to enjoy every variety of playmate, even one that demands some endurance from us.

Rain and wind and cold and heat—what are they but changes which we may meet with gusto if we only accept their challenge in a sporting spirit, and do not back down before them?

Nobody knows the joy of travel afoot who has not tramped the hills through wind and rain when the clouds are whisked up the precipices like exhalations from a great cauldron below, and Nature in her wildest mood has us with her as a free-hearted companion.

If we think of the weather aright, and do not feel pride in the disgrace of a grumbling surrender to a rather crafty playmate, we shall play the bowling of the weather with the straight bat of cheerful content, even though it is not the kind of delivery that best suits our liking.

And there are echoes of a deeper philosophy, with wider bearings, in the rhyme

Whatever the weather may be  
That's the weather for me,

for, though we cannot order the setting of our lives, we can climb a steep bank with a stout heart, and meet any present or any future with unfaltering faith.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## What is Wrong with It?

SOMEBODY has been calling for a modern Bible. One, we suppose, that will make it easy for everybody to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. The old one is good enough for us.

## The Opposition

WE read that the laundrymen of an American town are opposing the crusade to stop smoke.

We once read that the coffin-makers of a Chinese town were opposing the crusade to stop plague. Curious where the oppositions come from.

## The Enthusiast

A PUBLIC speaker has been saying that in the company of an enthusiast he could be enthusiastic about anything.

There is no denying the wonderful power of enthusiasm. It is a torch that lights the way and fires other minds that come near it with its own glorious flame. The great work of the world would never have been done without it. The enthusiast rouses us to agree or disagree with him; he makes us think, and is not that the beginning of wisdom?



America is wondering whether to join the International Court of Justice

Mother of League of Nations: Ah, as Uncle Sam is now friendly with Miss Justice, perhaps he will come to me also

## Thirty Votes

What shall we be doing with our votes when we are all grown-up members of the British Empire? A friend sends us this note on what some grown-up men did with theirs.

A CERTAIN Member of Parliament spoke openly of having spent fifteen hundred pounds in drink at his election. When the General Election came he did not stand again, and his party was represented by Mr. X. One day this candidate received a message from the landlord of a country inn in the constituency:

"I have thirty voters for you here, waiting for their noggin."

"They will wait till Domesday," said Mr. X; and he won the seat without them.

Our ancestors struggled through many bloodstained centuries to win those men the votes which they were ready to sell for a drink. Perhaps our ancestors were wrong. Instead of extending the franchise we ought to restrict it. No one should be allowed a vote until he has passed an examination which proves him to be fit to use it. Anyway, he should know the difference between right and wrong.

## The Dwarf

A CYNIC has been asking why Luther Burbank, the wizard who grows new flowers and seems to make plants do his will, does not give us a dwarf grass.

It seems to us that if we could stop things growing, the first thing to stop would be the cynic, the man whose mind is dwarfed so that there is no growth in it. Of all things in the world, is he not the most pitiful there is?

## Tip-Cat

A TELEPHONE expert says we waste four million seconds a day in saying Hullo! And we waste a hundred times that waiting for a chance to say it.

It is said there were never so many poets as now. That accounts for it: there is not enough inspiration to go round.

THE woman engineer is coming. She will be able to manage the puff-puff.

A MAN, advertising for work says he will do any but office work. Needs outdoor relief.

A MAN has been denying that he was made out of a monkey. Nobody ever said he was, but nobody can deny he may make a monkey of himself.

IN a new film the hero climbs a twelve-storey building. Determined to be at the top of the profession.

A CONJURER at our local theatre makes a horse vanish. That is nothing. Henry Ford has made a million vanish.

WHAT is a puncture? somebody has been asking. A little hole found in a tyre a long way from a garage.

WE love those who admire us. So you can guess what it means when a man loves nobody but himself.

## The Greatest of These

FROM the C.N. postbag this week this little postcard drops out from a little girl in Cheltenham:

What is the greatest power in Heaven and Earth?

Bless the child, but what a question to ask an editor! We have imagined ourselves asking all the people we meet. The politician said a Good Majority; the merchant said Success; an editor said Circulation; an artist said Beauty; a gardener said Flowers; a scientist said the Atom; a boy said Cricket.

And then out of the quiet came a still small voice, which said there are three great things—Faith, Hope, and Love, and the greatest of these is Love.



PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW  
How near the weather is when it is close

## A Fine List of Friends

IT is difficult to believe that there are men and women who are brutes enough to be cruel to animals.

Lord Lambourne, biggest-hearted of men, has been writing the report of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of which he is president, and his "whole head was sick and his whole heart faint" at the cruelties that are done to some of our faithful friends.

But these animals have good friends in such men as Lord Lambourne, and they have a host of powerful friends in the poets. This Mr. Bertram Lloyd has shown in his fine book *The Great Kinship* (Allen and Unwin, 8s. 6d.). It is a collection of poems by poets of all ages about their animal friends, and it is a joy to find that never were there so many poets as there are today to love the birds and beasts:

## A Dog of Old Greece

It is a fine list of friends we discover in these poems, and there is nothing more beautiful to be found on a dog's grave than this from the old Greek world:

"Thou who passest on the path, if haply thou dost mark this monument, laugh not, I pray thee, though it is a dog's grave; tears fell for me, and the dust was heaped above me by a master's hands, who likewise engraved these words on my tomb."

It is good to read all the fine thoughts about animals by living poets; and of all who love animals there is no one who loves them more than Mr. Ralph Hodgson. He it is who writes so splendidly about the bull, and who wrote those lines called *The Bells of Heaven*, which we have quoted once before, in which he pictures the parson and his people praying

For tamed and shabby tigers,  
And dancing dogs and bears,  
And wretched blind pit ponies,  
And little hunted hares.

Mr. Alfred Noyes writes beautifully about the skylark caged; and Miss Friedlander, when she sees the blue tit, says to him: "I am your kin, and know the lift of wings."

## Are We all Blind to Someone?

Mr. Walter de la Mare loves the linnet and all lovely things, and has a pity for the creatures who are all but blind.

## All but blind

In the burning day,  
The barn owl blunders  
On her way.

And he goes on to say that each of us, like her, must be blind to someone.

One other poem may be named; it is by Sir James Rennell Rodd, thinking of skylarks in cages:

Oh the sky, the sky, the open sky,  
For the home of a song-bird's heart!  
And why, why, and for ever why,  
Do they stifle here in the mart?  
Cages of agony rows on rows,  
Torture that only a wild thing knows;  
Is it nothing to you to see  
That head thrust out through the hopeless wire.

And the tiny life and the mad desire  
To be free, to be free, to be free?

The animals have many enemies, but they have friends far greater in power than all these, for on their side are ranged the poets, the mightiest men of all.

## The Time Shall Come

The time shall come when Earth shall be  
A garden of joy from sea to sea,  
When the slaughterous sword is drawn  
no more,  
And goodness exults from shore to shore.

THOMAS COOPER



## ALL-ELECTRIC AGE MIGHTY PLANS BUT LITTLE DONE

Which Nation will Lead the  
Way to Great Things?

### CHEAP POWER EVERYWHERE

By a Scientific Correspondent

When is the Electric Age to begin? Can we say that it has begun?

Although the supreme usefulness, convenience, and healthiness of doing work by electricity were proved long ago, the world as a whole is still slow to make great use of it. Engineers propose plans to make electricity available cheaply to everybody, but again and again they fall through for lack of means or enthusiasm.

News now comes from America of a plan to electrify the industries of the United States. At the Convention of the Electric Light Association, Mr. Frank G. Baum, an engineer of San Francisco, proposed a gigantic scheme, which would cost 1000 million pounds, to establish a network of electric power lines all over America.

So far as one can tell from the brief report which has been sent over, the idea is to utilise the water-power resources of America to generate electricity, and so to save the use of hundreds of millions of tons of coal.

### A Great British Scheme

A few years before the war a well-known British engineer, Mr. S. Z. de Ferranti, made a similar proposal for our own country, save that, as we have so little water-power, it was proposed to generate the electricity at the coal mines.

Mr. Ferranti's plan was to cover Britain with a network of electrical lines, fed with power from great stations. Electricity was to be laid on for the whole country as water is now laid on in our towns. By making current on a large scale Mr. Ferranti thought it possible—remember that it was before the war—to supply electricity at as low a price as half a farthing a unit! He thought it would cost £500,000,000 to carry out his scheme, this sum including the cost of a hundred giant generating stations as well as district stations and distributing plant.

### Electric Power for Holland

In Holland, too, there has been much talk of an all-electric scheme. Indeed, official plans were got out for a network of electrical transmission lines to cover the whole of Holland. In this case, also, the idea was to set up power stations big enough to feed transmission lines for the entire country.

All these schemes have a common idea. It is to make electricity, not only available, but cheap enough to use freely for all purposes. If such a plan were carried out, the railways would be electric, the factories and workshops would be electrically driven, and every house could have electric heating, lighting, and cooking. As a consequence, our towns and houses would become clean and bright, for smoke would disappear. Housework would become simple and comparatively pleasant.

### A Hope for the Future

The change in railway travelling would be very agreeable, for trains would be both speedy and comfortable. An electric train can start and stop very quickly, as we see on the London Tubes, and so journeys would be shortened.

Unfortunately, these big plans are always discussed but never carried out. They involve the use of so much money to start them that no nation seems to have the courage to put them in hand.

The boys and girls of today who experiment with Leyden jars, dynamos, and wireless apparatus will, we hope, insist on electricity being properly used when they are grown up.

Then war will not for ever be consuming the time and energy of the politicians, and the world will be really governed for the good of the people who live in it.

## THE MAN WITH A MILLION EXPERIENCES

LUTHER BURBANK, the wizard of the plant kingdom who helps Nature to improve her processes, has been talking of his fifty years of work. He has had, he says, a million experiences in these fifty years, and the greatest idea that has come to him is that plant life is absolutely under man's control, and pliable to his knowledge and will. From the plant kingdom, he believes, mankind will learn its greatest lessons.

It can be improved indefinitely. Here are some of his own improvements, told in his own words.

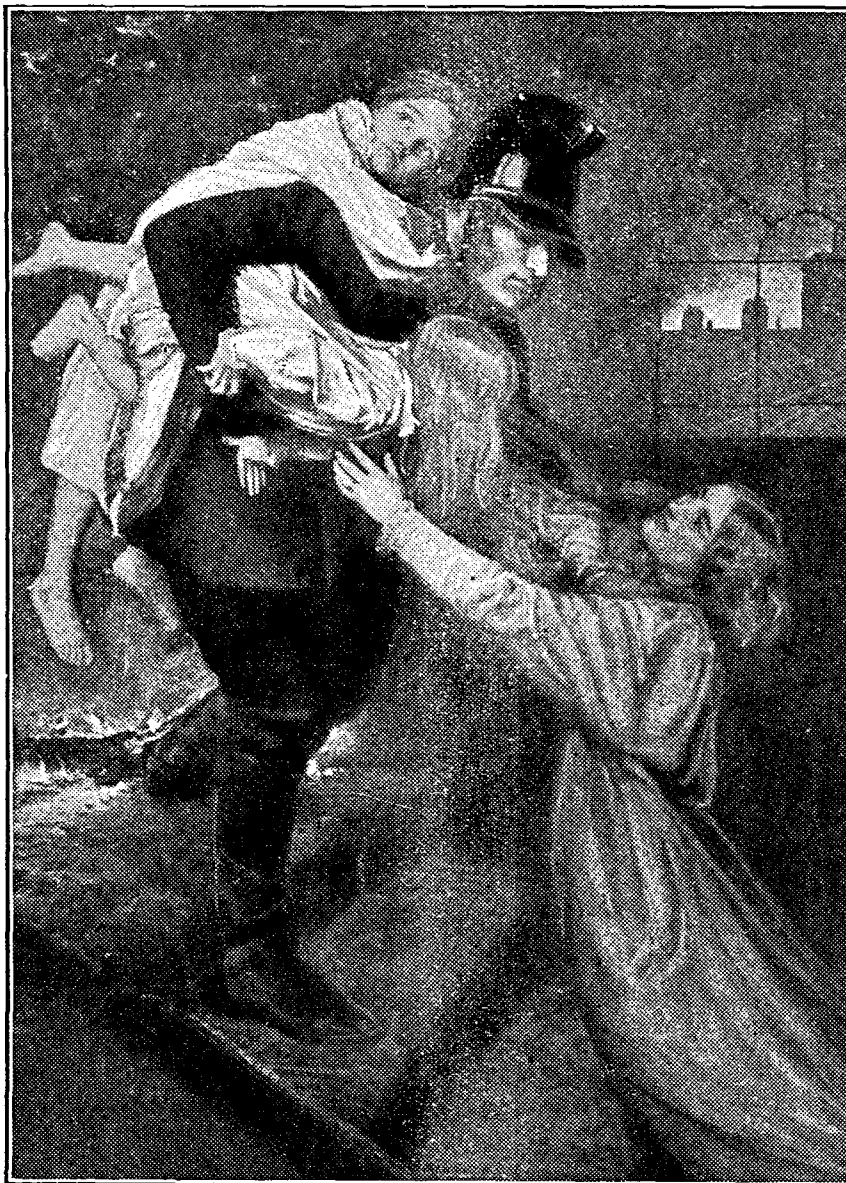
"I have developed a chestnut, that normally requires 15 to 20 years to come into full bearing, till it bears nuts in six months from the planting of the seed-nut, and is in full bearing at two years. I have developed a small, hard, and

bitter quince into a fruit larger than the largest apple, juicy and sweet when eaten raw, and fine in flavour as the most delicious apple when cooked.

"I have taken the slow-growing, small, hard-shelled, wild black walnut, and, by crossing it with the soft-wooded, soft-shelled edible walnut, have produced a tree with a finer, harder wood than the black walnut, yet growing many times faster, and producing better and more nuts."

On the Burbank farms in California 2500 experiments are now being conducted. New grains, new grasses, new asparagus, new climbing vines, and new flowers are a few of the developments to which plant life is being assisted by the wizardry of Luther Burbank, perhaps the most patient man since Job.

## AUSTRALIA BUYS A FAMOUS PICTURE



This fine, dramatic painting by Sir John Millais, which was purchased at a recent auction for £1470, is to go to Australia, and will be hung in the National Gallery of Victoria, at Melbourne. See next column

## THE RESCUE THRILLING STORY OF A DRAMATIC PICTURE

Fine Addition to Australia's  
Art Treasures

### A TRIBUTE TO BRAVE MEN

A very fine picture by Sir John Millais, less known than many of his others, has been purchased for £1470, and is to go to Australia, where it will hang in the National Gallery of Victoria at Melbourne.

This picture is a great addition to the many fine art treasures that are gradually being accumulated in Australia. It is called *The Rescue*, and shows a London fireman saving three children from a burning house.

There is a story attached to this picture well worth retelling. Returning home in the early hours of a morning in 1855, Millais, with his brother, noticed a fierce glow in the sky, and told his cabman to drive to it.

### What an Artist Saw

Arriving at the fire, the artist was just in time to see the roof of the burning building fall in, carrying with it two of the brave firemen who were trying to put out the flames.

The terrible scene greatly impressed Millais, who declared that the praises of soldiers and sailors had been set forth in pictures a thousand times, but, as far as he knew, the gallantry of firemen never. He resolved there and then that his next picture should do honour to the brave men who work with so little reward or recognition of their services.

At once he set about carrying out this resolution, and a friend who saw him make his first rough sketch for the picture said, "I never see it or think of it without seeing also the picture of himself, glorified with enthusiasm, as he was describing it."

### The Picture of the Year

The picture took a long time to paint, for his models could only maintain their positions for very short periods at a time, owing to the strain upon them. The glare of the fire was obtained in the studio by means of coloured glass placed between the models and the window.

The picture, when finished, was sent to the Royal Academy, and was skied, that is, hung high up on the wall—to the chagrin of the artist and his friends, who made a great fuss about it. Rossetti declared it was the most wonderful thing Millais had done except his *Huguenot*; and Ruskin said it was the only great picture of the year, the immortal element was in it to the full.

The painting is indeed a splendid record of brave men; and Australia is fortunate in obtaining such a fine example of a memorable and striking period in art.

Picture on this page

## THE SMOKE FIEND A General Nuisance

In 1307 a man was condemned to death and executed for burning coal in London. It was thought to be very dangerous to health. Those fourteenth century people were right in thinking it dangerous, though the forms in which the danger comes were not really understood by them.

Smoke is bad for our lungs; it shuts out sunlight, which is the healthiest of influences; it eats away the surfaces of our buildings; and it attacks plants.

Stones used only twenty years ago in the restoring of Westminster Abbey are being eaten away today, and the cost of replacing perishing parts of the outside of the Houses of Parliament is £2500 a year.

Fifty years hence, when London smokiness will be forbidden, our children's children will be wondering what kind of people we were to permit the dirty smoke fiend to torment and hurt us.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

A way has been found of sending finger prints by telegraph, and it is said to be used with great success in Italy.

### The Cost of Disorder

The total damage in Ireland from violence through organised disorder is now estimated at £30,000,000. The number of claims is over 11,000.

### Celebrating Magna Carta

For the first time on record the ratifying of Magna Carta by King John has been celebrated at Runnymede. Next year it is hoped to have a great national demonstration there.

### Britain's Exports Increasing

Nothing but an improvement in the export trade can reduce Britain's unemployment, and it is satisfactory to know that the export figures for last month showed an increase over the previous month of £8,683,762.

The German mark (about a shilling before the war) has been down in value to three-quarters of a million for one English pound.

### Amundsen's Polar Flight

Amundsen has had to abandon his flight across the North Pole, for the present, owing to the trial flight proving unsatisfactory.

### Quicker Trains

Quicker expresses are being arranged on the chief British railways. It is expected that on some gradients they will run at 80 miles an hour.

### Cleanliness at School

The school medical officer for Kent reports that 1235 children were excluded from Kent schools last year because they were unclean, the proportion being only about one-third of London's figures. The officer suggests that girls should be compelled to plait their hair.



## BIRDS AND THEIR TRAVELS

### DOES MAGNETISM COUNT IN MIGRATION?

Interesting Theory of a French Scientist

#### THE BIRDS AND THEIR COMPASS

A new theory to account for the migration of birds has been set forth by Professor Maurain, Director of the Institute of Terrestrial Physics, in Paris.

He believes that birds are sensitive to the Earth's magnetism, and are able to feel their way from place to place by its influence; and he suggests that experiments might be made to test the theory.

His proposal is that pigeons should be reared in a confined space inside a powerful and varying magnetic field, and that, after a time, they should be removed to a considerable distance and liberated. It would then be possible to see what happened when the birds came under the influence of the Earth's magnetism.

#### The Mystery of Migration

It is an ingenious theory to account for a very mysterious fact, but, so far, men of science are not convinced that there is much evidence to prove that birds are affected by magnetism.

The mystery of migration has attracted the notice of thinking people from the earliest times. That the same birds return to the same nesting sites year after year, and that they journey across the seas and over mountain and plain for thousands of miles, has been proved beyond doubt by the marking of birds with metal leg-rings and the recording of their appearance at widely distant spots.

This, however, does not help us to know how it is that they find their way, and why they resort not only to the same district but to the same house or tree year after year. Their offspring also follow their example.

#### A Quarter of a Century in One Bush

In a certain hawthorn bush in Ireland, for instance, tits have been nesting year after year for more than a quarter of a century, and many similar examples can be found in all parts of the country. What is the explanation? No one can say, and Professor Maurain's theory is at least worth following up and testing.

It is often suggested that birds take notice of prominent landmarks, such as mountains, and guide themselves by them; as Boy Scouts do to travel across country. But this explanation is not satisfying, for many birds migrate at night when all landmarks are shut off from view by darkness.

Further, they can find their way across hundreds of miles of sea where there are no landmarks at all. Birds have been taken from their nests and transported in closed cages by train and ship for great distances, and they have found their way back without hesitation.

#### The Procession of Penguins

In the United States, recently, some experiments of this kind were carried out, and marked birds, transported in the manner described, were released far away at sea, quite out of sight of landmarks. They flew back home 850 miles.

Even flightless birds return over hundreds of miles of trackless sea to the same breeding places year after year. After the first penguin arrives the others follow in an almost continuous procession.

The most plausible idea that has been suggested, so far, is that birds have some sense of direction or locality, a kind of sixth sense; but perhaps the new idea that magnetism has something to do with the matter of migration may supersede this.

It will be interesting to watch the result of the proposed experiments. If they confirm Professor Maurain we shall almost be able to say that birds guide themselves by a compass.

## Race of Unknown Men

### MORE LIGHT ON A YORKSHIRE DISCOVERY

#### The Maglemose Men Who Caught Fish in England Perhaps Twenty Thousand Years Ago

##### WHAT WE IMAGINE FROM STUDYING THEIR OLD HARPOONS

Slowly history unveils the mystery of ancient man. The C.N. has already described the light that has been thrown on life in England ten or twenty thousand years ago by the discovery of bone harpoons in Yorkshire, and here a correspondent who has been investigating the matter sends us further news of the subject.

In various parts of Europe traces have been found of a race of men who used harpoons for catching fish, and who seem to have been a race apart from any other men of whom we know. They have been traced at Kunda, in Esthonia, in a cave in Scotland, and at Bethune in France, but chiefly at Maglemose in Denmark, after which place they are called.

The harpoons that have lately created interest are found in the village of Atwick in East Yorkshire, and below we give a special correspondent's story of what has happened.

Atwick is a quaint old-world place where a few red-roofed cottages and homesteads slumber in quiet content around the village green, across which four roads wander to unite at a grey sixteenth-century cross in the centre.

The sea is half a mile away, and is slowly eating into the high cliffs of purple clay. Year by year it creeps nearer, and threatens some day to engulf the village, as it has already engulfed a score of towns and villages between Bridlington and Spurn Head.

This part of East Yorkshire is known as Holderness; and the interesting links with early man that have been discovered here are the earliest traces of man's presence north of the Humber.

They were found nearly 20 years ago, buried deep beneath beds of peat; once the sites of ancient lakes, and consist of two beautifully-made harpoons of bone, which have been lying in a museum in the village, greatly treasured, though their real importance has only lately been realised.

#### Tombs of Prehistoric Heroes

This museum is a wonderful place, a monument to the life work of William Morfitt, a veteran antiquary, and his two sons. Mr. Morfitt has been called the Grand Old Man of East Yorkshire, and though he will soon be celebrating his 93rd birthday, he still takes the keenest interest in his collection, the result of 40 years of patient excavation.

Holderness is a vast library of ancient history, rich in books about early man, written chiefly in stone or pottery, sometimes in gold or bronze, or in mounds of earth, called barrows, the tombs of prehistoric heroes.

How abundant these are a walk through the Morfitt museum reveals. There are beautiful Saxon brooches, Roman coins, axes and daggers, and flint weapons and tools; teeth and tusks of mammoths, and skulls of red deer; but the most important treasures in the museum are the two harpoons of bone, for they tell us of the presence in Yorkshire of a race of people called Maglemose Men, no traces of whom have been found elsewhere in England.

They are called Maglemose Men because it was at Maglemose, in Denmark, that the first relics were found. They seem to have inhabited chiefly that part of Europe that we know as Denmark, and to have lived at the end of the Cave Period—long before Neolithic Man had come into Europe, or, at any rate, before he had reached North Europe, 10,000 years before the birth of Jesus.

#### When the Baltic was a Lake

The surface of the land stood then so much higher than it does today that the Baltic was a great inland lake, and dry land, forest-clad, stretched across to Britain, where now the North Sea lies. In those days East Yorkshire was very similar to the region of the Norfolk Broads, a vast network of lakes and meres, dotted with islands and stretching westward to the very foot of the Wolds.

The Maglemose Men were apparently a peace-loving people, getting their living by hunting and fishing, and making their homes partly upon floating rafts off the shores of the lakes and partly upon the islands.

It is interesting to note that these people are the first to be found in

possession of the dog as a companion and helper. Apparently they had no other domestic animals, and the earlier settlements have yielded no trace of pottery. They used flint axes and knives, very roughly made and not polished like those used by the later Neolithic people.

Most abundant of all are the tiny implements of flint called pygmies, so small that seven will lie on a sixpence, and the use of which is unknown.

#### Workers in Bone

Their favourite material for tools and weapons was bone, which they worked most skilfully, producing from it knives, axes, and hammers, and beautiful harpoons for spearing fish. These they made of a certain pattern, and in a certain way, quite unlike any made by the earlier Cave Men of Palaeolithic times, or by the Lake Dwellers, hundreds of years later. It is harpoons of this distinctive sort which have been found near Atwick, and give the first proofs that Maglemose Men lived there thousands of years ago.

The existence of such a people was unknown and unsuspected till 1900, when one of their village sites was discovered at Maglemose beneath a deep bed of peat, representing a long extinct lake, which was carefully explored by skilled archaeologists from Copenhagen. Other sites were sought for, and have been found over a wide area, telling us much about their mode of life and habitations; but, though we know all this, we do not know what the people were like, for no remains of a human being have yet been discovered.

Maglemose remains have been found most abundantly around the Baltic shores and Denmark, but it is likely that many settlements were scattered over the great forest area where now the North Sea rolls. Eastward they extended over North Germany, to far-off Esthonia, and southward across Belgium to Boulogne, always in places where lakes and meres existed.

#### Where the Harpoons were Found

Today only Hornsea Mere remains of this network of ancient waterways. The gradual infilling by peat through the course of centuries, assisted by modern drainage, has converted fen country into rich agricultural land.

It was while searching for animal remains in the peat of an extinct mere on the sea shore near Skipsea, north of Atwick, that Mr. Morfitt's son found the smallest of the two bone harpoons. It was lying in the silt of the old lake bed, under the skeleton of an elk. A few years later, while digging foundations near the Mere at Hornsea, a workman found another beautiful harpoon, 10 inches long. This closely resembles one found near Bethune, in France.

The Skipsea specimen has been placed beside two harpoons from Kunda, in Esthonia, the most easterly Maglemose site and hundreds of miles from Holderness. So close is the resemblance between the three that one man might have made all; and the period of the Skipsea harpoon is dated unmistakably.

When the true history of research is written it will owe much to the patient research of men like Mr. Morfitt, labouring for years without expectation of reward.

*Pictures in next column*

## CAN A VOLCANO RUN A RAILWAY?

### Two Republics Share a Great Idea

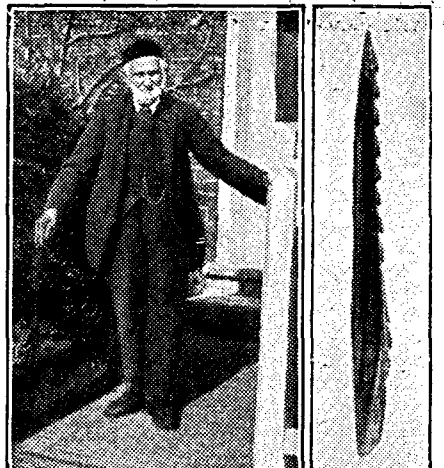
#### HARNESSING THE UNDERGROUND FORCES

Quite the most up-to-date scheme for running a railway seems to be the idea of linking it up with one of the oldest things on Earth. The idea has been thought out in one of the most backward countries in the world, the South American republic of Bolivia.

Bolivia has mountain railways over a towering range of the Andes to connect her with the Pacific; but how to supply them with sufficient fuel has always been a difficult problem. Why not run them by volcano-power? is the latest suggestion.

There are great numbers of volcanoes in the Andes, and one of them, the Tatio volcano, on the border of Chile and Bolivia, gives off immense quantities of steam and gases. It is believed that if its power were harnessed it could be made to supply all the electricity needed to run not only all the railways, but also all the mines in the country.

A concession has been granted to a Bolivian engineer to carry out the idea, and the Chileans do not intend to be



Mr. Morfitt

A harpoon



Where the harpoon was found

Mr. William Morfitt, the Yorkshire antiquarian, who is over ninety years old, and the ancient harpoon his son found, with the place where it was discovered. See next column

left behind, for they have just obtained a concession to harness the gases which escape on their side of the frontier.

Volcanoes have been doing a great deal of damage lately all over the world; but it seems as if they may have some uses, after all. See *World Map*

#### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

|                                     |       |
|-------------------------------------|-------|
| Famous Limoges enamel triptych      | £1470 |
| A 17th-century amber shrine         | £315  |
| A third folio Shakespeare, 1664     | £290  |
| Pair of Chippendale side-tables     | £204  |
| Pickwick Papers, first edition      | £190  |
| A portrait by Hoppner               | £168  |
| Thirteen Georgian chairs            | £168  |
| Chinese silk picture in lacquer box | £140  |
| A Persian silk rug                  | £94   |
| Four carved Chippendale chairs      | £66   |
| Queen Anne walnut cabinet           | £44   |
| A William and Mary perringer        | £25   |
| A Georgian silver mustard-pot       | £14   |



## THE WEEK IN GEOGRAPHY

## SOFIA

EASTERN CITY THAT BECAME  
A WESTERN CAPITAL

The attention of the world has been directed to Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, owing to the revolution that has taken place there.

It has resulted in a change of Government. A parliament quite recently elected, with an overwhelming majority for the Peasant Party, has been dissolved, and its ministers and members have been arrested by officers who revolted and led the army to overthrow the Government and substitute military rule.

Except Sofia, which has about 155,000 inhabitants, Philippopolis, which has 63,000, and the seaport of Varna, on the Black Sea, with 50,000, Bulgaria has no other town of considerable size. Sofia had only 20,000 inhabitants in 1878, when Bulgaria became an independent country, freed from Turkey by the friendly assistance of the Russians. It had been the centre from which the Turks governed Bulgaria, and a considerable proportion of its people were Turks, but they withdrew from the town when the Bulgarians took control.

## A Nation's Gratitude

Sofia was then quite an Eastern town in appearance, with narrow streets, few of the conveniences of modern life, and abundant signs of Mohammedan rule. Now it is a modernised city, with a European aspect, public buildings suitable for a capital, electric trams, an up-to-date water system, and more safeguards for health than it had before.

There are many signs about the city of the gratitude of Bulgaria to Russia for giving her freedom from age-long servitude. The name Sofia was derived from St. Sophia, the patron saint of an ancient church, but the new cathedral is dedicated to St. Alexander, and in the principal square is a statue to Alexander the Second of Russia, who was the modern saviour of Bulgaria.

## Friendship Betrayed

There is also a statue to Russia itself. Never had any country been a more devoted friend to a kindred race than Russia had been to the Bulgarians; yet in the Great War their King Ferdinand led the Bulgarians into an alliance with Germany against Russia—a most revolting betrayal of long friendship.

Sofia itself is a very ancient place. It was a Roman stronghold founded by the Emperor Trajan under the name of Serdica before the arrival of the Bulgarian race. A succession of conquerors swept over the country. The Huns came in A.D. 447 and seized it from the Romans. The Bulgarian occupation began in 809; and in 1382 the Turks arrived and held the land in thralldom for nearly 500 years, but without quenching the desire of the people for freedom.

## Sofia's Big University

Sofia has been a centre of government all through the centuries because of its position. It lies high on a plateau between the main Balkan mountain chain and the Rhodope range to the southward, and commands natural routes for traffic in all directions. For that reason it has become an important railway centre. Though it is not central to the whole country of Bulgaria, it attracts much of its life and industry. It has, for instance, a university with nearly 5000 students.

It has considerable trade, with manufactures of sugar, tobacco, silk, and linen, and exports maize and hides; but its chief importance is as the centre of the changeable Bulgarian Government, though it is not the historic capital of the original Bulgarian kingdom. That honour belongs to the town of Tirnovo.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all questions sent in.

## Does a Donkey Live to be a Hundred?

No; it usually lives about 25 years, like the horse and ox.

## What is a Milliard?

This is a French term for a thousand millions, also called a billion. In England, however, a billion is a million millions.

## Who Wrote the Hymn "Master, it is good to be"?

Dean Stanley, who first published it in 1870, in an article on the Transfiguration of Jesus. It is found in many hymn-books.

## What is a Thunderbolt?

There is no such thing. Sometimes a meteorite is called a thunderbolt, and sometimes the name is given to that strange form of lightning known as ball lightning.

## On What Should a Magpie be Fed?

Young magpies can be brought up on chopped meat, eggs, soaked dog-biscuits, bread-and-milk, and so on; and when they are grown they are practically omnivorous.

## What is a Tasmanian Devil?

An ugly and powerfully-built Australian animal, with a very large head and broad muzzle, which often destroys sheep in great numbers. It is the only living representative of its genus, and its scientific name is *Sarcophilus ursinus*.

## What Happens to the Stars in the Daytime?

They are in the sky the same as at night, but the greater brilliancy of the Sun's light renders them invisible, just as bright sunshine playing on a fire makes it appear dull and almost to go out.

## Can Magpies be Taught to Talk Without Having Their Tongues Cut?

Magpies can often be taught to talk, but the idea that they talk better if their tongues are cut is not only a foolish superstition, but a wicked and cruel notion that has no foundation in fact.

## When is the Millennium Expected?

A millennium, or thousand years of peace, was an idea of the early Church, and there have been, of course, all through history many different speculations as to when it might be expected, most of them based on mystical interpretations of the Scriptures.

## How Does a Swallow Catch Insects When There is a Long Rain?

While the swallow generally takes its food on the wing, it sometimes alights and picks insects off the ground or takes them from the trees. In a long rain the bird would remain mostly in shelter like the insects, but if the rain were very prolonged the bird would probably starve.

## What is Habeas Corpus?

The words are Latin and mean Have the body. Habeas Corpus is a writ requiring that the body of a person be brought before a judge in order that the lawfulness of his detention may be inquired into. It is based on the Habeas Corpus Act passed in 1679.

## Does Sound Always Travel at the Same Speed?

No; it varies according to the medium or substance it is passing through. Thus at a temperature of 0 degrees Centigrade sound travels through hydrogen gas at 4163 feet a second, through air at 1090 feet a second, through oxygen at 1041 feet, and through carbon dioxide at 856 feet.

## What are the Plurals of lb. and oz.?

The plurals have no s, but are written lb. and oz. the same as the singular. The plural librae has no s in it, and lb. is the abbreviation for the plural librae as well as for the singular libra. The z of oz. is not really a z at all, but represents an old sign placed after a shortened word to show that it was an abbreviation. Oz. therefore stands equally for ounce and ounces.

## Why Cannot Ordinary Photographs be Used in the Stereoscope?

Our right eye sees a little round to the right of an object and our left eye a little round the left, and that is what makes a thing look solid instead of flat. The stereoscopic photograph is taken with a two-eyed camera, and it is the blend of the right and left views in the stereoscope that gives the relief. If you look at a slide you will see that the two pictures are not the same.

## Is White a Colour?

White light is made up of a number of colours, as we can see when it is broken up by a prism or in a rainbow. The colours are violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red. When an object appears white to our eye it is because all these colours are reflected by the object, and together they make up white light; if, on the other hand, the object absorbs all the colours, it appears black. White is not one colour, but all the colours.

## On What Does a Pheasant Live?

Seeds, acorns, berries, leaves, and insects. It is practically omnivorous.

## What is the Sea Dog?

This popular name is given to a number of different creatures—to the harbour seal, the sea calf, the Californian eared seal, and the dogfish.

## Is it True That a Woman Has One More Rib Than a Man?

No; this is purely a superstition. No doubt its origin can be traced to the story of the creation of woman in Genesis ii. 21 and 22.

## Why is There a Leap Year?

Because the year, instead of being 365 days as we make it, is really 365½ days, so to make up for the odd quarters we add an extra day every fourth year.

## Does the Ark of God Mentioned in the Bible Still Exist?

No; this casket of wood overlaid with gold, which was such a sacred object to the Jews, disappeared during the time of their captivity in Babylon.

## Why is a Horse's Tail Plaited?

To keep it neat and tidy when the tail, owing to its length, might get wet and muddy on a rainy day. If the horse is put out to graze the tail can be set loose so as to enable the animal to flick off flies.

## Will the Earth's Coal Ever Become Exhausted?

Undoubtedly in time, unless some other form of energy supersedes coal. Professor A. H. Gibson thinks coal may be exhausted in 350 years, and the world's oil supply in 500 years.

## Why is Granny's Hair Grey?

The colour of the hair is due to pigments in it, but when through illness or loss of power in old age the body no longer produces these pigments, the hair becomes grey, and eventually white.

## If a Ball Were Thrown Beyond the Earth's Pull Would it Travel Round the Sun?

It might, or it might be drawn into the Sun. So much would depend on the size of the ball, the speed with which it was thrown, and the direction in which it travelled.

## What Does "Oop fur t' Coop" Mean?

This is Lancashire dialect, and means "Up for the Cup." It is an expression used to describe the visit to London of those who come from the North of England to see the final Association football match for the English Cup.

## What Kind of Tiger Lives in Siberia?

Naturalists distinguish four races of tiger, one of which is the Manchurian, or Siberian. This has more white on its face and underparts than the Bengal tiger, and its woolly winter coat is longer and thicker. The other two races are the Caucasian and Persian tiger and the Malay tiger.

## What Causes the Wind to Change During, Before, or After, a Thunderstorm?

The causes of thunderstorms and winds are not fully understood, but any changes in temperature set the air in motion, warm air always rising and colder air rushing in to take its place. The more rapid the changes in temperature the faster does the air move.

## What is the Difference Between a Star and a Planet?

A planet is one of the Sun's family of worlds, the name meaning a wanderer, having been given because the planets were seen to wander regularly in the heavens. A star is a giant sun, generally of incandescent gas, at an immense distance from us. For fuller particulars, you should read a book on astronomy or the astronomical chapters of the Children's Encyclopedia.

## How do the Physical and Chemical Properties of a Substance Differ?

Physical properties are such as have to do with the form, appearance, and so on of a substance without affecting its composition; thus colour, taste, odour, density, solubility, mobility, hardness, are all physical properties. Chemical properties are those which affect its composition, such as molecular weight, the substances with which it will combine, and so on.

## What Would Happen if a Tram Started Both Ends at Once?

The tram is able to go either way by means of a reversing gear, so that it could not actually be driven both ways at one time. Sometimes, however, a tram gets out of hand and runs downhill. If the brakes fail to act, the driver then goes to the other end of the tram and reverses his driving. If the tram is not going too fast it is pulled up, but if it has gained great speed it cannot be stopped. That happened to a tram in Leeds a week or two ago, and it was wrecked.

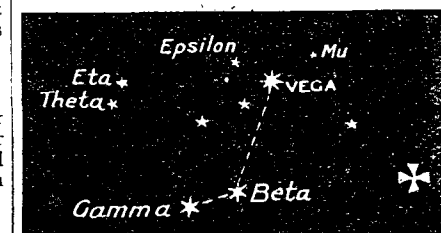
THE BRILLIANT  
STAR OVERHEAD  
VEGA'S ENORMOUS SPEEDFiery Globe Nearly Twice as  
Hot as the SunCOLOSSAL JOURNEYS THROUGH  
BOUNDLESS SPACE

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Vega, one of the most brilliant stars in our firmament, is now almost overhead late in the evening. At 10 p.m. it will be found a little to the east of overhead, but by midnight it is almost exactly in the zenith, so Vega cannot be confused with any other orb.

The golden Arcturus is at that time between overhead and the south-west horizon, while Jupiter and Saturn are in the same direction but lower down.

Vega is the chief star in the little constellation of Lyra, the Lyre, shown in our star map—and is considered by many to be the brightest star in the



The chief stars of Lyra. The cross shows the point toward which the solar system is travelling

northern half of the heavens. Its beams of light have been 34 years and 8 months speeding across that great void at the rate of 186,330 miles a second, which means that it is nearly 2,300,000 times as far away as our Sun.

This magnificent sun must also be very much larger than ours, for it radiates a hundred times as much light, and also a much greater proportion of heat. Its immense fiery globe is enveloped in a colossal envelope of flaming hydrogen, calcium, magnesium, and metals heated to a state of vapour. The heat given off from each square mile of Vega's surface is nearly double that of a corresponding area of our Sun—that is, nearly 11,000 degrees Centigrade compared with about 6000.

## Splendour of a Far-off Sun

An idea of the actual splendour of this far-off sun may be gained, by remembering that if our Sun were as far off as Vega, it would appear only about as bright as the little fifth magnitude star marked Mu on our star map and only visible on a dark and clear night.

However, it is fortunate for us that Vega is not as near to us as our Sun, for, with something like a hundred times the heat and light poured upon us, the Earth would be melted into a fiery mass.

It happens that our Sun, and, of course, the Earth with him, are approaching Vega at a rapid rate; every minute we are about 600 miles nearer to this terrible sun. The exact region toward which our Sun is travelling is a little to the south-west of Vega, as shown by the cross on our star map. To this far-off spot our entire solar system is speeding at some 13 miles a second.

## Orbits of Enormous Size

But countless millions of years must elapse ere the solar system reaches it, and by that time Vega will be far away, for it is travelling at great speed obliquely in another direction. So, although Vega and our Sun are some 10 miles nearer every second along the line of sight, Vega's direction in space will ultimately take it farther away.

There is, moreover, little doubt that the Sun, Vega, and all the other stars are travelling in curved and possibly enclosed orbits of enormous size and complexity.

Our world will be at her farthest from the Sun next Thursday, July 5, and nearly 94,500,000 miles away, that is, 3,100,000 miles farther than when at her nearest on January 2. G. F. M.



# THE HEIR OF A HUNDRED KINGS

The Strange Adventures  
of a Schoolboy in Africa

Told by  
Herbert Strang

## CHAPTER 28

### A Matter of Seconds

MR. PARADINE and the others backed cautiously for a few yards until they were screened from the lion by a patch of grass. Then they turned about, bore away to the right, and began a long and wearisome détour.

Their object was to come upon the lion from the leeward side, and take up their position either among the rocks or in the long grass that reached to within effective range of the animal.

The stealthy march had lasted about half an hour, when Mr. Paradine, who was leading, came to a halt at a spot where the grass had thinned. Roger, in the high grass about four or five yards behind, strained his eyes, but could not see the lion. Achmet and Hassan were a little in his rear.

There were a few moments of breathless stillness. Then Mr. Paradine raised his rifle to his shoulder. Roger noticed that it was pointing almost at right angles to their line of march.

Tensely he waited for the shot, clutching his own rifle in nervous impatience. Crack!

At the same instant there was a loud clatter. A huge bird flapped from the grass up into the air. It had moved just as Mr. Paradine fired, with a suddenness that spoiled his aim.

A tremendous roar sounded from somewhere ahead. Roger heard the click of the trigger of his uncle's second barrel, but no report. Clearly the cartridge had missed fire.

A moment afterwards a huge shape bounded into view within a few feet of Mr. Paradine. Roger, excited though he was, had the presence of mind to take a snapshot at the beast.

Another roar burst from it. Whether it was hit Roger could not tell, and for an instant he lost all self-possession, for the lion had sprung straight at Mr. Paradine, who fell and was no longer to be seen.

Recovering himself with a desperate cry, Roger groped in all haste for another cartridge. Before he could slip it into the barrel Achmet darted past, dashed right up to the enraged lion, and fired his revolver into the animal's ear.

It fell heavily on its side. Mr. Paradine crawled from beneath it. "Are you hurt, Uncle?" cried Roger, rushing to him.

"Bruised, scratched, I dare say," Mr. Paradine replied, glancing at his coat sleeve, which was ripped up. He gripped Achmet's hand. "Thank you, my lad. Your plucky act saved my life. The beast missed his spring by a fraction, or he would have had his claws in me."

Achmet's face had paled, but he answered composedly.

"Now let us look at the beast," said Mr. Paradine. "Ah, Roger! We both hit him, and I declare, yours was the better shot. Look! It must have penetrated the liver; the lion couldn't have survived it long. Capital, my boy! Mine, you see, missed a vital part."

## CHAPTER 29

### A Disappointment and a Discovery

By midday the lion's skin had been cleaned, dried, and roughly cured. Meanwhile Mr. Paradine, resting in the tent, had discussed with the Doctor the future course of action.

Both were eager to lose no time in prosecuting their several errands. It was agreed that Dr. Paradine and Achmet should search the neighbourhood for further relics of King Sanka-ra, while Roger accompanied his Uncle James in exploration for his more practical object.

"Water! That's the crux," said Mr. Paradine. "The high, withered grass all about shows that the rain-

fall is enormous for a short period in the autumn, but the rest of the year is drought. No crops could flourish without irrigation. The valley would remain a desert.

"The question is, how to irrigate. As I said before, that waterfall is on the wrong side of the hills. The river it is a part of flows over rocks. I think we had better trace its course upwards, and see if it can't be diverted into the valley somewhere. That's our job, Roger."

After lunch the two set off together. They climbed the hills, made their way down the steep declivity on the other side which led to the river, a shallow stream that swirled and eddied over bare rock, and traced its course for a couple of miles to the waterfall. This apparently emerged from a hole in the solid rock about thirty feet above the river level.

"I wonder what that hole's like," said Mr. Paradine, looking up—"whether it's big enough to give room for our tracing the stream farther."

"I'll climb up and see," said Roger.

"Can you do it?"

"I can try, at any rate."

He went to the side of the cascade out of reach of the splashing water, and began to climb up the rocky face. Mr. Paradine watched him rather anxiously. But Roger was agile and sure-footed. Taking advantage of every knob and crevice he mounted higher step by step; the task became more difficult every moment.

At length he came level with the outlet. Here, taking a firm foothold, and clinging to a projecting spur, he bent over sideways and peered into the orifice.

The water was pouring with immense force through a sort of funnel in the rock. The surface of the funnel was worn quite smooth by the age-long action of the stream. From the fact that the top and sides were almost as smooth as the lower surface, Roger guessed that the funnel, now only half-full, was in the rainy season completely filled by the torrent.

Roger called down to his uncle, telling what he had discovered.

"Can you get into the funnel on either side of the water?" Mr. Paradine asked.

"It's quite impossible. There's no foothold."

"Then you had better come down."

The descent was far more difficult than the upward climb; and Mr. Paradine, fearing that Roger might slip, stood immediately beneath him to catch him or break his fall. But he came down safely, with two or three ragged rents in his coat and breeches.

"This is nonplus," said Mr. Paradine. "Checkmate. So far as I can see, the river is not likely to be of any use to me. I won't give it up, of course. But at present I can't for the life of me decide on the next step."

They returned slowly to the camp, Mr. Paradine shooting a small gazelle on the way, which they carried between them.

On their arrival they found that Dr. Paradine and Achmet were still absent. It was late in the afternoon when they returned. The Doctor was very tired, but in high spirits.

"I'm on the track, James!" he cried. "I'm on the eve of the greatest discovery of my life. I've found another inscription!"

"What's it about?"

"I don't know. It's so much weathered that it is practically undecipherable. But there it is, on a stone in the brick wall of what I think must have been an artificial water-course."

"What?"

"Well, I may be mistaken. But a few miles up the valley we came on

a rather bare spot, which seems to have been scoured by the wind and rain, and I certainly think I discovered fragments of regular brick-work. A stone let into it beyond doubt bears traces of hieroglyphics."

"Ben, you put new life into me! If you're right, that brick-work can hardly be anything else than the remains of an ancient system of irrigation. At present it deepens my puzzlement. Where did they get the water? But where water has been, water may be again. You must take me to the place tomorrow. Perhaps I, too, am on the eve of the greatest discovery of my life."

## CHAPTER 30

### The Cleft in the Rock

NEXT morning the party of four set off for the scene of Dr. Paradine's discovery. At the first sight of the crumbling brickwork, almost level with the surface of the ground, Mr. Paradine was disappointed. Only a few feet of it were exposed, and he declared it might be part of the foundations of a building.

But further examination raised his hopes. Going on a little beyond, and probing among the grass, he discovered more brickwork, which appeared to be a continuation of what he had already seen. Moreover, there were distinct traces of a channel which ran in a fairly straight line through the middle of the valley.

"I believe you are right, Ben," said Mr. Paradine. "It is almost certain that this is an old water-course. I'll leave you to your mummy-grubbing, and go on with Roger. We'll trace the channel, and perhaps discover where water used to enter it."

For the next three hours the two worked slowly up the depression. Now and then they lost it, through the silting up that had gone on for centuries, but patient search discovered it again.

At last it took a sudden bend towards the unscalable hills on their right.

"We shall soon know, one way or the other," said Mr. Paradine. "It's very tiring work, but we must go through with it now."

In about twenty minutes they reached the foot of an almost perpendicular cliff. Here, amid an extraordinary jumble of gigantic rocks, the watercourse came to a sudden end.

"It's all up, Roger," said Mr. Paradine, wearily. "Ages ago there must have been an earthquake here. The course of the stream was diverted. Here ends all hope of growing cotton in this valley. Let us homeward plod our weary way."

## WIRELESS REVIEW

### AND SCIENCE WEEKLY

Every boy and girl who is interested in wireless should read this fine weekly magazine. It contains contributions by distinguished experts only and is exceptionally well illustrated by photographs and diagrams. You will be able to get the very best results from your set if you read

## WIRELESS REVIEW

### AND SCIENCE WEEKLY

Every 3<sup>d</sup>. Tuesday

But before they reached the camp Mr. Paradine had recovered his spirits.

"I won't give it up," he said. "The stream flows somewhere among those hills. What has been diverted once may be diverted again. I must go searching again, my boy."

Next day Dr. Paradine and Achmet went off in a different direction. Mr. Paradine got out from the stores a number of bottles and test-tubes, announcing that he was going to make various tests of the quality of the soil.

"Roger, you had better go and shoot something for dinner," he said. "Ali tells me that supplies are running short. Take Hassan. Don't try your hand at leopards or lions."

Roger and the old Arab were able by this time to speak a few words of each other's language. With these, and the aid of beads and nods, Roger managed to explain that he had a more important aim than the shooting of something for dinner. It was nothing less than a little exploring on his own account.

They set off up the valley, following the course of the day before. Few animals came within shot, and these Roger left alone. He made all speed to the confused mass of rocks where the water-course ended. There would be time enough to kill game on the way back.

On reaching his goal, he left his rifle in Hassan's charge, and began to clamber up the cliff. What a feather in his cap it would be, he thought, if he could discover the stream by himself alone!

Up he went, clambering nimbly from crevice to crevice, twisting this way and that to find the easiest ascent.

But the higher he climbed the lower his spirits fell. There was nothing but rugged rock; no stream, no sound of running water. Presently he found himself checked by a broad, smooth wall of rock, which gave no foothold.

"It's no good," he thought, weary and disappointed. "I must get down again."

It was nearly an hour before he rejoined Hassan, and then he was so tired that he sat for a while before starting to return. He was several miles from the camp; it would be afternoon before he got back. "And then I'll get a wiggling, I suppose," he said to himself.

At length the two set off. It was not long before they saw a small antelope grazing on broken ground against the hillside. On the way up game had been so scarce that Roger decided he had better seize this offered chance, though they had a long distance to carry the animal.

It was too far off to afford a certain shot. He must stalk it. Bidding Hassan stay where he was, he went forward alone, moving very slowly and taking cover from scattered rocks and clumps of bush.

At last he reached a spot where cover was no longer available. The antelope, all unsuspecting, was edging slowly away from him. Although the range was too great for certain aim, he felt that he must fire at once or lose his chance.

No sooner had he raised the rifle to his shoulder than the animal stopped suddenly, lifted its head, and bounded away.

Roger took a rapid shot. The antelope stumbled, regained its feet, dashed up the valley, and disappeared.

Roger, seeing it was wounded, rushed after it, gaining rapidly. He heard the antelope moving just in front. A spurt brought him almost in touch with it.

Suddenly the animal leaped on to a rocky ledge on the left. Before he could stop himself, Roger was tottering on the edge of a sheer slope. He clutched at a bush; it gave way; he felt himself falling through space. Then there was a sharp shock, a moment of acute pain, and he knew no more.

TO BE CONTINUED

## Who Was He?

### An Emperor's Rival

A boy born in a castle in Bohemia and belonging to a family of noblemen began to show, in his very earliest years, a haughtiness far beyond his age and social position.

"Why was I not born a prince?" he once said indignantly to his mother, when he was being punished as a child of seven. "Nobody should then flog me." And on another occasion, when an uncle taxed him with being as proud as though he were a prince, he replied, "What is not now may yet be," a prophecy that was remarkably fulfilled in later years.

His father and mother both died before he was twelve, and, although they had been Protestants, his uncle, a Roman Catholic, placed the boy in the hands of the Jesuits for his education, and he soon became a Catholic. Later he was to become the greatest leader of the Catholic armies in the wars of religion that devastated Europe.

For a year or two he lived on and managed his estates, showing great business ability and considerably increasing his wealth; and then he married a rich lady and became the lord of vast domains.

Having had some experience of war in the fight against the Turks and against the Venetians, he raised an army of several thousand men and fought against his countrymen who had risen in opposition to the emperor. The Bohemians were beaten, and the successful general took large slices of their territory, and for his services was elevated to the rank of a prince by the emperor.

He became general-in-chief of all the imperial armies and won many victories, but his overbearing behaviour made the great princes of the empire his enemies, and they intrigued against him until he was dismissed from his post.

The defeat of the imperial armies brought the empire to the brink of ruin, and the Bohemian prince was again called to take command. This he did after making such conditions as no other subject has ever made to his sovereign. He insisted that in the army he alone and not the emperor should have sole command, that he should have the sovereignty of all the provinces he conquered, and that peace should be made only with his consent.

He carried out his brilliant campaign, and was ruthless in dealing with incompetent or cowardly officers. The emperor now became jealous, and gave orders to his general which he would not obey.

It was believed that the general was plotting against his master, and one day a band of Irish soldiers, devoted to the emperor, burst into the general's bedroom and killed him. Here is his portrait. Who was he?





# 'Tis My Faith that Every Flower Enjoys the Air it Breathes

## DR MERRYMAN

ONE morning the manager of an office noticed a clerk with several days' growth of beard on his chin.

"I cannot have slovenly people in this office," said the manager. "Kindly go out and get shaved."

"But I am growing a beard, sir," protested the clerk.

"I don't care what you do at home," snapped the short-tempered manager, "but please understand that I shall not allow you to grow a beard during business hours!"

WHAT kind of wig does a barber find it impossible to make?  
An ear-wig.

### A Riddle in Rhyme

My first is in walk, but not in a gallop;  
My second's in Warwick, also in Salop;  
My third is in lily, but not in white;  
My fourth's in afternoon, also in night;  
My fifth is in bread, but not in corn;  
My sixth is in trumpet, also in horn;  
My seventh's in several, but not in few;  
My eighth is in trace, also in clue;  
My ninth is in love, but not in hate;  
My tenth is in stile, and also in gate;  
My last is in title, but not in name;  
My whole is an author of Scottish fame.

Answer next week

WHAT is it that always walks with its head downwards?  
A nail in a shoe.

### Do You Live at Norbiton?

THIS name has no historical associations, but is an invented name that dates back no farther than 1840, when it was given to a district of Wimbledon as a contrast to Surbiton.

WHAT is that which is inside the wood and outside the wood at the same time?  
The bark of a tree: it is outside the wood of a tree, but inside the wood or forest.

### A Serious Question



WILLIE WRIGGLE: "If the early bird catches the late worm, what does the early worm catch?"

WHY is a horse a very curious eater?  
Because he eats best when he has not a bit in his mouth.

### An Unscientific Picnic



FLICK: "I thought you said that we should be able to boil our kettle on this glow-worm stove?"  
FLACK: "Yes, but I'd forgotten that a glow-worm produces light without heat."

### A Cow on a Bough

THERE was an old man of Aosta,  
Who possessed a large cow, but he lost her.  
But they said, "Don't you see,  
She has rushed up a tree?  
You invidious old man of Aosta!"

EDWARD LEAR

### Missing Letters

WHAT little rhyme is this? A letter has been left out at each place where there is a dash.

H-w-o-h-h-l-l-l-b-s-b-e  
l-p-o-e-a-h-h-n-n-h-u-?  
H-g-t-e-s-o-e-a-l-h-d-y  
F-o-e-e-y-p-n-n-f-o-e.

Solution next week

### An Anxious Moment

THE porter at a small country railway station owned a watch of which he was exceedingly proud. He claimed that for years it had neither lost nor gained a second.

Early one morning he was seen standing on the platform with his watch in his hand, gazing somewhat anxiously toward the east.

"What is the matter?" asked an early-rising traveller.

"Well," replied the porter, "if the Sun isn't over that hill in half a minute, he'll be late."

### What Am I?

I HAVE heard that Lord Verulam's Learning was great,  
That he scarce had a rival In Church or in State,  
And yet I've been known To be higher than he,  
Although at no college I took my degree.  
The young and the old Of my favour can boast,  
And when ladies appear I descend from my post;  
Then, adding a letter, You quickly will prove That I'm quite the reverse Of esteem or of love.

Answer next week

### The Boy Who Knew

"WHAT is a ground hog?" asked the teacher.

Little Henry's hand went up like a dart, and when told to answer he replied:

"Please, teacher, it's a sausage."

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### What Am I? Warmth

Name and Address

Miss Pansy Wood, 105, North Crescent, Hornchurch.

#### Transposition

Finger, fringe, ring, grin

## Cousin Ethel is Sent Home

THE quarrel between Jacko and his cousin was still raging when Ethel saved up her pocket money and hired a bicycle from the village shop.

Jacko did not offer to get out his and come too. Still, he came up and had a good look at Ethel's steel steed while she was making up a little picnic parcel. He was gone by the time she came out again, with bulging pockets, and rode off.

Ethel had not got very far before she found that her tyre was punctured. It did not worry her; she had done a lot of cycling at home, and would soon put that right. She jumped off to repair the damage.

*The tool-bag was filled with grass and stones!*

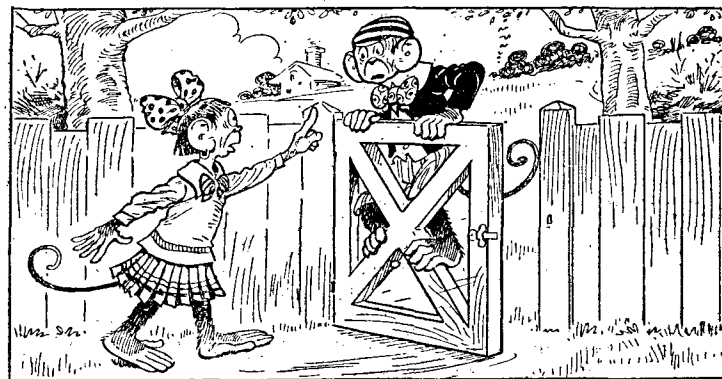
Ethel knew at once who had cut the tyre and hidden the tools. As she pushed the bicycle home she tried to think out a way of revenging herself.

She was in luck's way, for as she passed the station Mr. Jacko rushed out.

"Hi, Ethel!" he cried, as he caught sight of her. "You're just the girl I want. I've got an important appointment with my lawyer, and I've left the papers at home. I can't go without them, and the train will be in in ten minutes. The envelope is on the kitchen mantelpiece. Tell Jacko to nip down on his bicycle with it."

Ethel ran home, grinning to herself. Jacko was swinging on the gate. He expected her.

"Your father says you're to take the envelope on the kitchen



They were at it, hammer and tongs

mantelpiece, and bicycle down to the station with it as hard as you can go," said Ethel.

Of course Jacko smiled.

"Tell it to the Marines!" he said. "You don't catch me, I'm not as green as you think me!"

"It's true," said Ethel, going round to the bicycle shed.

Jacko shouted after her "Did you have a nice long ride?"

Ethel scowled and shook her fist at him. It did not take much to make a quarrel, and in a minute the two of them were at it, hammer and tongs.

A quarter of an hour passed. Then Mr. Jacko burst into the house, blazing with temper.

"What does this mean? Didn't Ethel give you my message? Jacko, you will have to answer for this!"

"I thought she was playing a trick on me," faltered Jacko, "because I'd just played a trick on her. O-o! Father, don't!" for Mr. Jacko had caught up the cane.

There was a dreadful scene, and afterwards Mrs. Jacko said that as the cousins were always getting one another into trouble, Ethel had better go home.

She wrote a telegram: "Ethel returning tomorrow."

Jacko took it to the post-office. He thought they were the sweetest words he had read for many a long day.

## Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for five weeks in 12 towns.

| TOWN          | BIRTHS |        | DEATHS |      |
|---------------|--------|--------|--------|------|
|               | 1923   | 1922   | 1923   | 1922 |
| London ..     | 9501.. | 9730.. | 4626.. | 5689 |
| Glasgow ..    | 2698.. | 2853.. | 1474.. | 1528 |
| Liverpool ..  | 2018.. | 2157.. | 1130.. | 1026 |
| Manchester .. | 1588.. | 1658.. | 1063.. | 1041 |
| Dublin ..     | 1013.. | 1107.. | 608..  | 683  |
| Edinburgh ..  | 883..  | 875..  | 598..  | 512  |
| Leeds ..      | 845..  | 950..  | 592..  | 612  |
| Coventry ..   | 247..  | 270..  | 119..  | 120  |
| Swindon ..    | 127..  | 87..   | 41..   | 61   |
| Aberdare ..   | 112..  | 112..  | 54..   | 59   |
| Cambridge ..  | 86..   | 108..  | 71..   | 48   |
| Hastings ..   | 84..   | 80..   | 73..   | 82   |

The five weeks are up to June 3, 1923

The five weeks are up to June 3, 1923

## Ici on Parle Français



Le faucon La porte Un arc

On ne chasse plus avec le faucon  
On ne pourra enfoncer cette porte  
On se servait d'arcs et de flèches



La figue Un Égyptien Un estropié

En Arabie on mange des figues  
L'Égyptien est près des Pyramides  
L'estropié se sert de ses béquilles

## Tales Before Bedtime

### Goldfish

BETTY had always longed to have goldfish. For ever and ever so long she had begged for them, and Mummie and Daddie had always said, "Yes, we'll see some time!"

Betty had almost given up hope of ever getting what she so badly wanted.

And then Auntie Mary came to stay with them; and when she took a little present from her box Betty found that there were three little toy goldfish for her.

"You can put them in your bath," Auntie said.

Betty did not tell her auntie how she had longed for real goldfish, because it would seem as if she did not like her present. Instead, she ran away to play with them.

"Never mind!" she said to herself. "Even if they aren't real, they are very sweet."

She found a large glass jar, filled it with water, and put the fish in. They looked very lifelike, and she put them on a table in her bedroom.

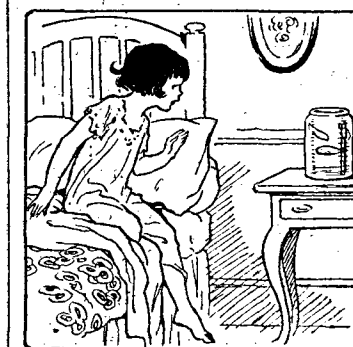
"It's the next best," she thought, and she lay looking at them, while her eyes grew heavier and heavier, till at last they slowly closed.

All at once Betty sat up, wide awake.

It was morning, and sunlight was streaming into her room. And, oh, whatever had happened? The goldfish had come to life! They were swimming about in the glass jar!

At least, so it seemed to Betty. She stared at them for a moment, and then closed her eyes again. Of course it was only a dream, a trick of the fairies. In a minute she would wake up.

She pinched herself to make



The fish had come to life

quite sure—and cried out. She was awake!

She flew out of bed and across to the table. Yes, the goldfish had come to life!

And then she heard a little sound; and, turning, saw Mummie and Auntie laughing in the doorway.

And it wasn't the fairies after all, only the kind Auntie who had heard of Betty's great longing after Betty had gone to bed, and who had gone out to buy the real ones that very same evening.

And that's how Betty got the goldfish!



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

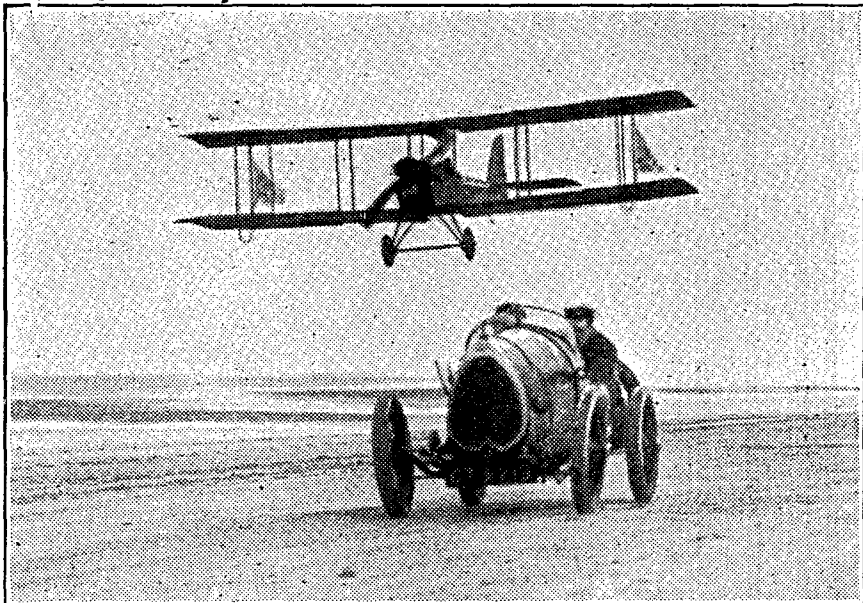
# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

June 30, 1923

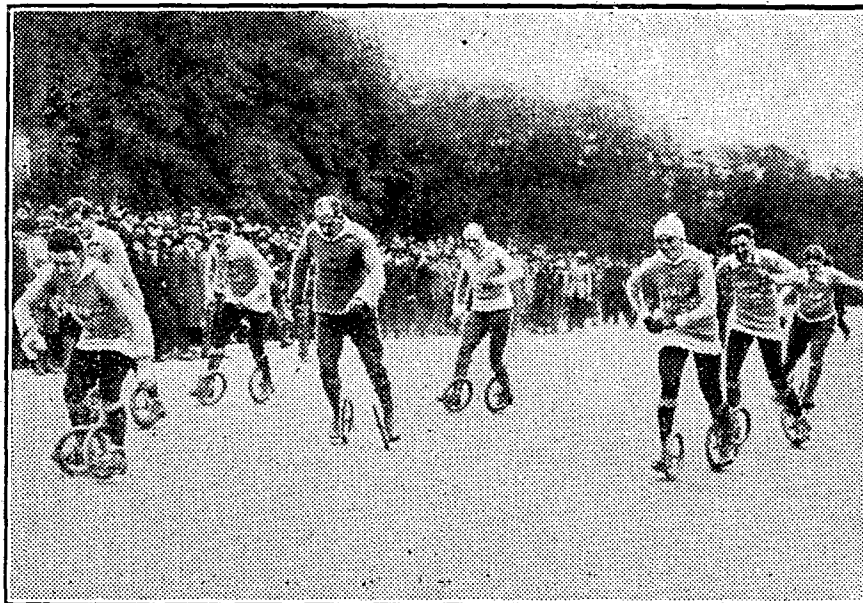
Every Thursday, 2d.

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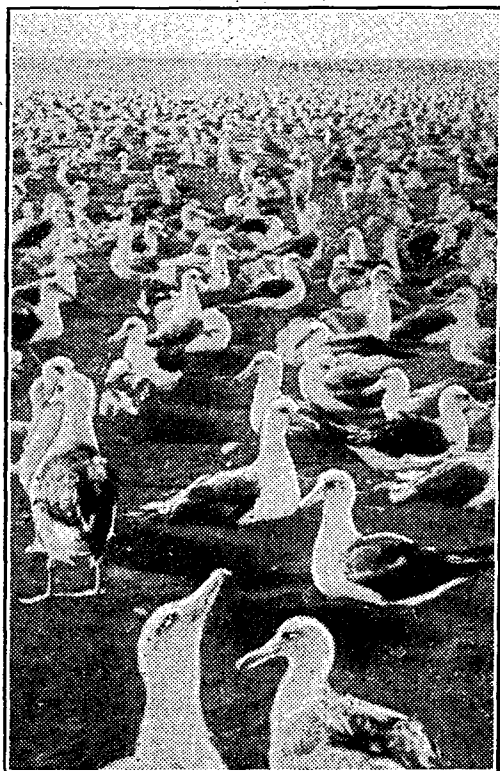
## THE TENNIS DOG HAS A GAME : A TRAVELLING HOSPITAL FOR ANIMALS



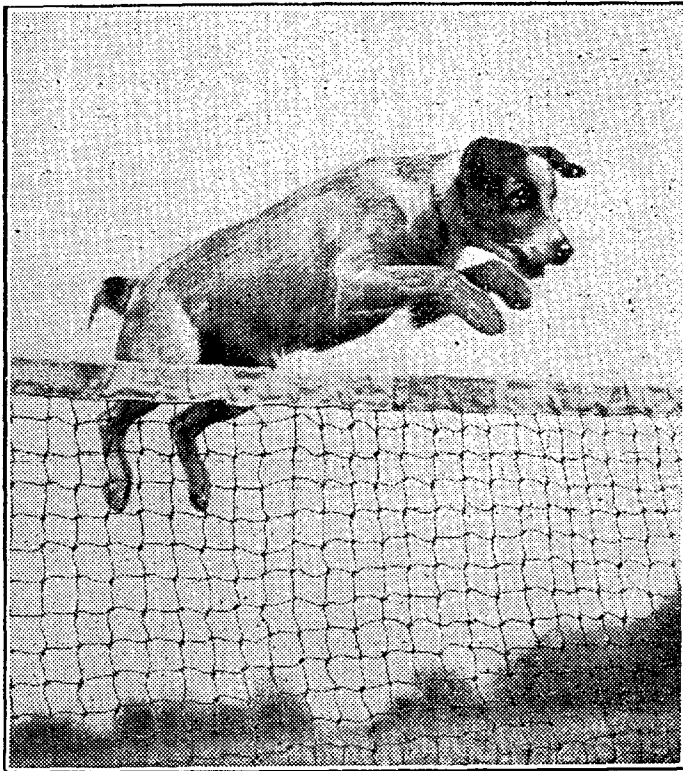
**A Great Race**—There was an exciting finish at Skegness recently to a race on the sands between an aeroplane and a motor-car. The aeroplane only just managed to beat the car.



**Skating on Wheels**—A new skate has been invented which consists of one wheel attached to each foot; and here we see a number of skaters enjoying themselves in the Bois de Boulogne.



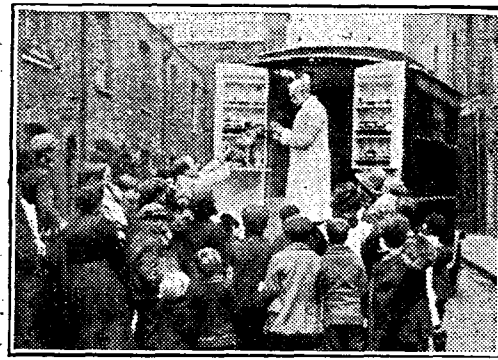
**A Gathering of the Birds**—A party of American scientists has been exploring Laysan Island, in the Pacific, where bird life is very abundant, as can be seen from this photograph of a gathering of gulls.



**The Tennis Dog at Play**—This North London terrier delights in chasing the tennis balls during a game, and has been trained to retrieve them and carry them to the proper serving corners. He is very quick, and frequently jumps the net in pursuit of a ball. He does not damage the balls with his teeth.



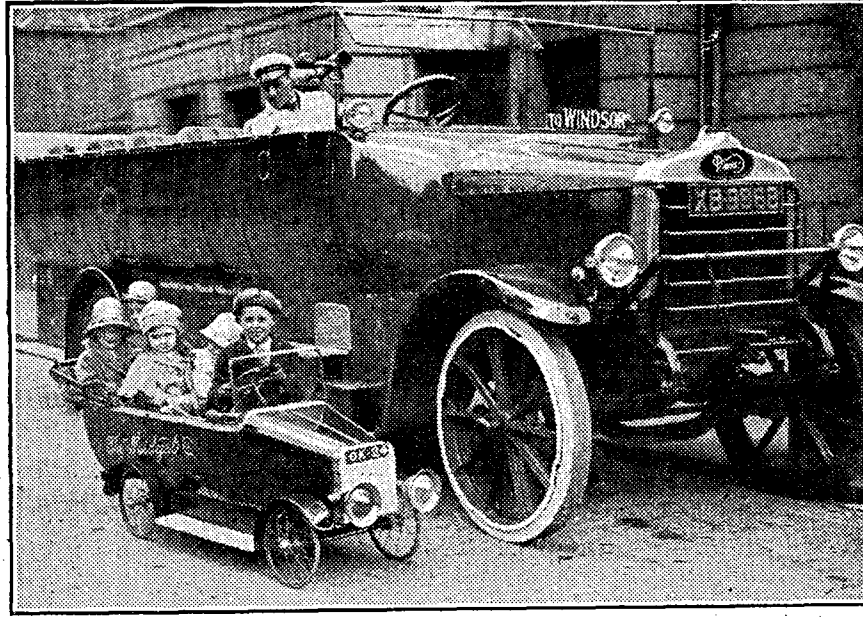
**A Titbit for the Camels**—Like the other animals, the camels at the Zoo are fond of titbits given by visitors.



**A Travelling Hospital for Animals**—A dog being treated at the motor-caravan dispensary, which has been organised by the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals to travel round the streets of East London.



**Doctor Sun Has a Merry Party**—This party of happy children is taking a sun bath in the grounds of the Heatherwood Hospital at Ascot, in Berkshire, where the delicate children of ex-service men win their way back to health. The open-air treatment is proving a great success.



**David and Goliath Meet on the Road**—This amusing scene was recently witnessed on the road at Battersea, London, where a boy's father has made him a tiny five-seater motor-car, in which he takes his little friends for a ride. The small size of the car can be judged by the charabanc.

**ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE**

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the proprietors, the Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon and Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency; India, A. H. Wheeler and Co. N/R